Saturday Review

JUNE 9, 1956 / 20¢

John Huston, director of the fine film made of America's classic, "Moby Dick." (See MOVIES)

RACE POISONING BY RADIATION

BY H. J. MULLER

THE NOBEL PRIZEWINNING BIOLOGIST TAKES A HARD LOOK AT THE NUCLEAR AGE

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The Saturday Review

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TRADE Winds

APPROXIMATELY 50,000,000 PEOPLE are watching "The $64,000 Question" on television every Tuesday evening, and judging by the volume of mail pouring into the offices of CBS and producer Louis Cowan not many of them are the strong silent type. They're just bursting with suggestions.

One lady who signed herself "Mrs. Dallas, Texas," implored the sponsors to lure Group Captain Peter Townsend to America to appear on the program—and choose LOVE as his category. "I predict," she concluded, "that his appearance will bring balm to his heart, alms to his pocket, and dear, dear Margaret back to his side."

Another writer — anonymous — declared that the whole show was "part of a Communist plot designed to take people's minds off the front-page news."

A third implored, "May we beg a favor? When that lovely receptionist leads contestants to the isolation booth will she please not slam the door—but shut it softly? Every time the door to the booth is slammed hard our TV set starts running up and down and from side to side, and we can't get it straightened out until after the question has been answered."

FROM Mary Rose (Mrs. Roark) Bradford, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, comes this note: "Possibly you may be interested in how the youth of today expresses affection in the form of valentines. My son, Richard Bradford, a graduate of Tulane, and a sergeant in the Marine Corps, has deigned to show me the original verse that he sent with an appropriate cartoon to his girl, who is a senior at Barnard:

You're slightly lower than the lemur;
Your ulna's longer than your femur;
Your cranium holds but ten C.C.'s;
Your knuckles hang below your knees.
Your jaw and brow are undeveloped.
In wooly pelts you are enveloped.
Sweet, atavistic girl of mine,
Will you be my Valentine?

"Real sweet and sentimental, ain't it?"

INFORMATION GLEANED FROM "The Popular Book," by James D. Hart (Oxford University Press): George Washington tried his hand at door-to-door bookselling when he was a boy, and proved he could do it by disposing of 200 copies of "The American Savage: How He May Be Tamed by the Weapons of Civilization" within the town limits of Alexandria, Virginia, alone.

Paine's "Common Sense" sold 100,000 copies in less than three months in 1776. Never since in this country has any book achieved a similar rate of sale commensurate with the total population.

In 1803 the Harvard Commencement address deplored the effect that a new type of "sexy" fiction was having on the young.

The publishers of "Ben Hur" were allowed to quote the President of the United States (Garfield) in their sales pitches. One edition of "Ben Hur," bound in silk, was priced at $30 a copy —and was sold out on publication date. Who says books are too expensive today?

Since the publication of "Ramona" in 1884 the Los Angeles Public Library alone has bought over 1,000 copies of it.

(There is another library in California that goes in for more esoteric literature. A reader spotted on its shelves a copy of Henry Morton Robinson and J. Campbell's "A Skeleton Key to 'Finnegans Wake'." It was carefully classified in the mystery-story department.)

"WERE I A PUBLISHER OF BOOKS," declares paper tycoon Sam Himmell, "I would use a type-face large enough to read easily, especially if books were of a religious nature, technical, or auto-

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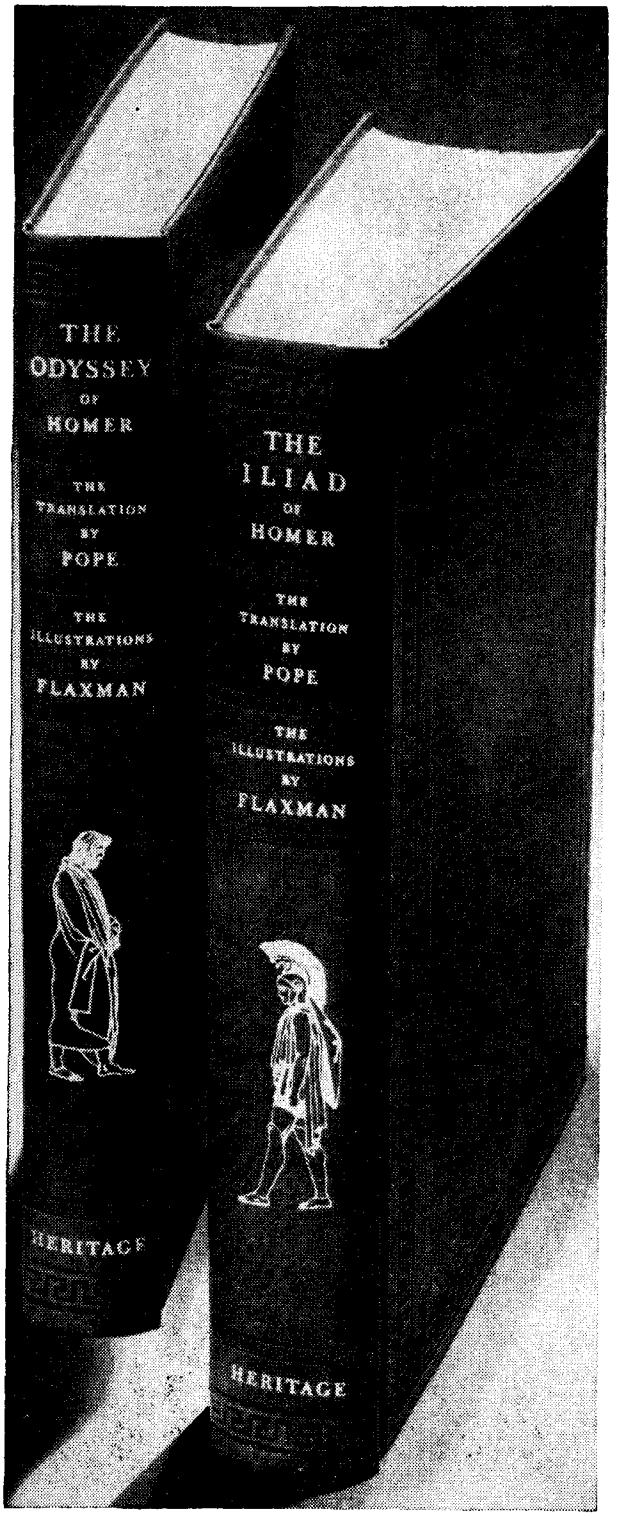

THE STORY of the travels of Ulysses is of course divided into two parts, *The Iliad* forming the first part, *The Odyssey* the second. Together, they are often referred to as "the first great novel." Pope's translation is one of the great poems of his century. The classical drawings which John Flaxman made in illustration are among the great drawings of the world. Now, in these two volumes, they have been gathered together for the first time!

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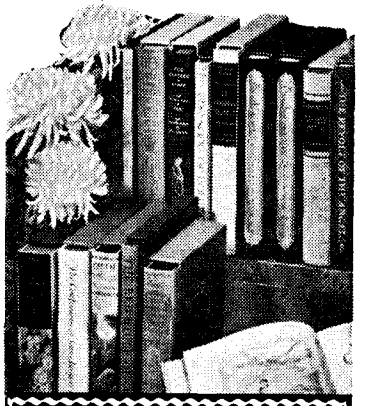

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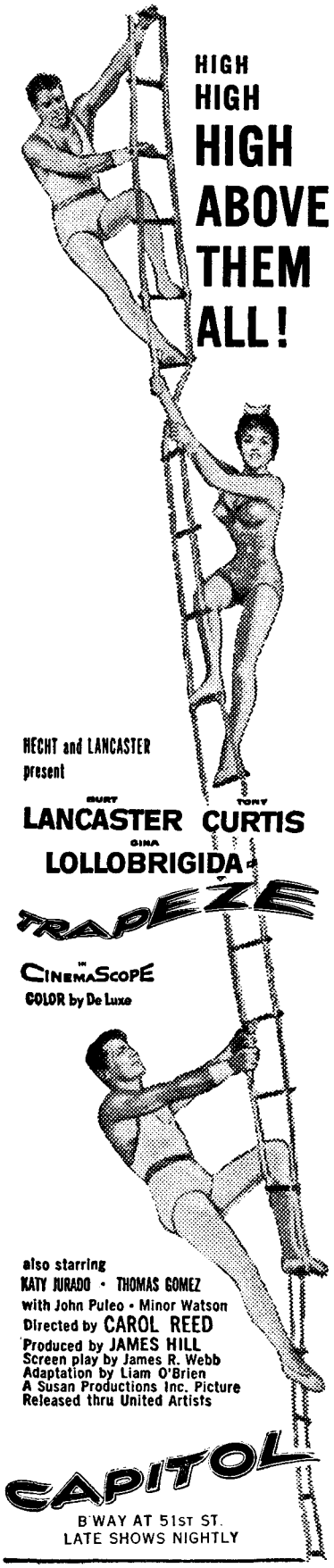
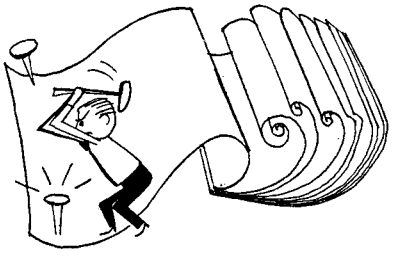


biographical—because books of this kind are generally read by older people. I would make the margin space larger along the binding side so that the reader would not have to strain his eyes at the beginning of each line . . . I would have a dictionary in the back of the book for defining words that are seldom used and therefore not quickly understood; or better still list these seldom-used words with definitions at the bottom of each page for instant reference. . . . On books published in English where foreign words are used I would have an English translation underneath poems, quotations, epigrams, etc. It is annoying to the reader to see a "punch-line" in French or some other foreign language and not know what it's about. . . . If I were a magazine publisher I would not have a subscription card sewed in or put through the binder, as this upsets the reader and doesn't do the magazine much good. . . . In mailing a magazine, regardless of how large it is, I would make every effort to send it out flat. I have received rolled-up magazines that might be



very interesting reading if they were not wrapped in such a way that the magazine cannot be opened flat, making it difficult to read. This inflicts a penalty on the advertiser as well as the subscriber."

FROM LEO SHULL, one of Fire Island's more prosperous newspaper titans, comes the story of a young novelist who got tired of collecting publishers' rejection slips, and decided to try his hand at the booming construction business.

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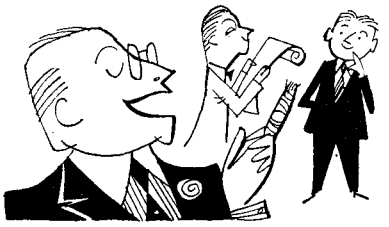
The actor promoted an expensive suit and some dollar Havanas and took the initiative on all subsequent selling approaches. "I'm retiring from the construction racket," he announced in his rich, mellifluent tones, "and am breaking in this son of mine. He'll work cheap while he's gaining experience—and I'll be back of him to give the benefit of my years of experience. Have a good cigar."

The old boy then sat back, smiling benignly, while the "son" had his innings. When it came down to fixing a price, "father" made his only inter-



ruption—and it seldom failed. "Knock off a thousand, my boy," he would advise. "We have just enough material left for this one little job, and this gentleman has been so courteous, I'd like him to reap the benefit."

The old actor likes his new role so well, he just turned down a term contract with M-G-M!

THERE ONCE WAS A LITERARY AGENT named Campbell (that's close enough) who believed he was entitled to a night off every week. What's more, he sold Mrs. Campbell on the proposition. So every Wednesday, regular as clockwork, he toddled off by himself. Only one Wednesday he neglected to come back home. For seven years he was among the missing. Then, one Wednesday afternoon, he suddenly reappeared. His wife, overjoyed, began calling all her friends. "Hey," protested Mr. Campbell, "whassa big idea?" "I thought I'd whip up a little welcome home party for you this evening," she explained. "Wha-a-at?" roared Mr. Campbell. *"On my night out?"*

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CYRPT NO. 676

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 676 will be found in the next issue.

YAAETZPP CP OXZ

ATBK CTNZPOUZTO

OXHO TZNZQ DHCBP.

—XZTQK EHNCE OXAQZHI.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 675

The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears.

—W. M. THACKERAY.

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The Literary Sampler

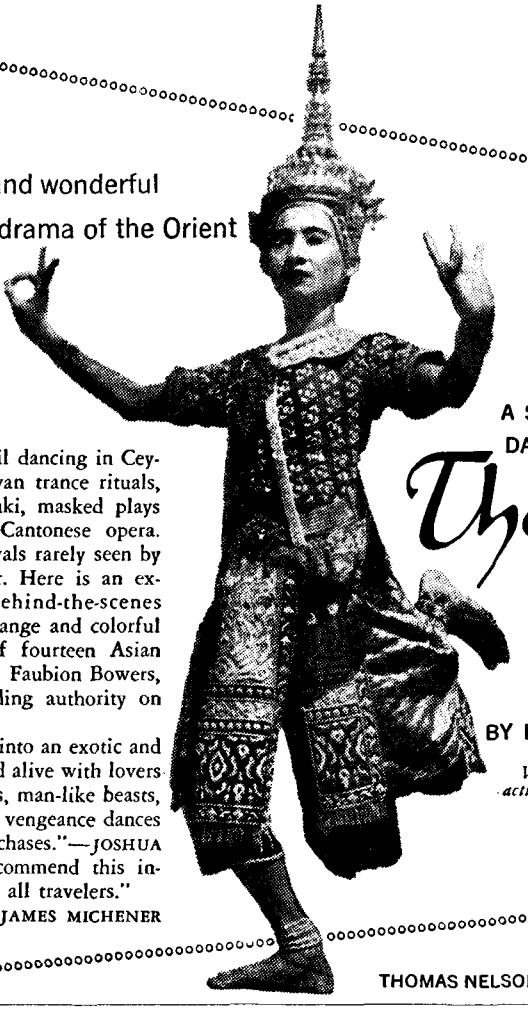
THE USES OF THE HUMANITIES: A just estimate of the place of the humanities in modern life depends on holding fast to their essential meaning. Any agency or relationship or situation or activity which has a humanizing, that is, a liberalizing effect; which broadens learning, stimulates imagination, kindles sympathy, inspires a sense of human dignity, and imprints that bearing and form of intercourse proper to a man, may be termed "a humanity." Travel, friendship, marriage, experience in business are or may be, in this sense, the humanities. They may be and often are inhumane. The difference depends on the level of the relationship, or upon what the participants contribute in the way of attitude, background, and experience. Travel may confirm prejudice; friendship and marriage may be founded on utility; vocation may be narrowed to livelihood and citizenship to a perfunctory discharge of civil duties; all the functions of man may degenerate into routine. . . . Those who have had the germ of humanism firmly implanted [through education in their early years] may then find in travel, friendship, marriage, vocation, and citizenship, as well as in their leisure pastimes, occasions favorable to its growth.

—From "The Humanity of Men," by Ralph Barton Perry (George Braziller).

FREUD THE MAN: By nature Freud was endowed with unusually strong emotions; he could both love and hate passionately. But that gift went with an equally strong self-control, so that the emotions were hardly ever displayed to outsiders. The strength in them was devoted to intense concentration in his search of knowledge. One remarkable feature of the self-control was an unusually tenacious reserve. This could be so unworthy as at times to deserve the word secrecy, particularly in regard to his love life.... When he had to reveal much of his inner life by giving the associations to his dreams in his great work "The Interpretation of Dreams" he had to admit to all sorts of unpleasant and derogatory thoughts he uncovered in the course of his self-analysis, but he was careful to exclude anything relating to the affectionate side of his nature, intense as that was. Nor would he disclose any of his numerous generous deeds. . . . Freud's personality well matched the greatness of his achievements.

—From "Sigmund Freud: Four Centenary Addresses," by Ernest Jones, M.D. (Basic Books).

The weird and wonderful dance and drama of the Orient



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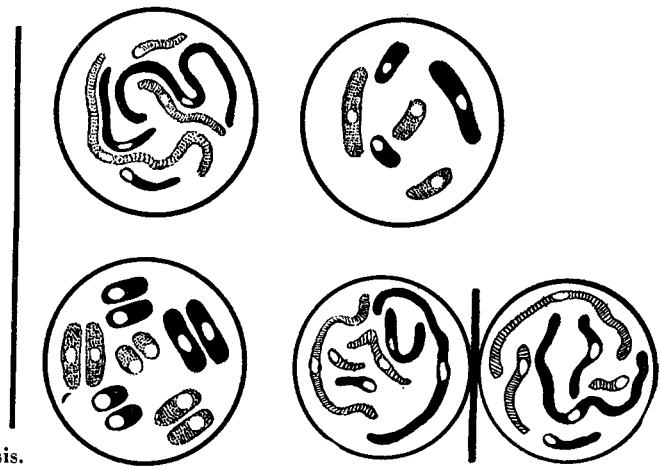
The Saturday Review
JUNE 9, 1956

RACE POISONING BY RADIATION



A normal cell (chromosomes showing) undergoing mitosis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Certainly the most frightening effects of a nuclear reaction are the terrible burns and growths inflicted on living victims of a bombing. But there are subtler and more sinister injuries. Madame Curie died from years of slow radium poisoning. Technicians have been sterilized by improper X-ray procedures. Experiments show how radiation disturbs the genetic material of plants and animals. Below Dr. Muller notes his evidence that even "harmless" radiation shortens the life-span. All this would be more or less academic were it not for the rapidly increasing volume of fission processes in the modern world: America, Britain, and Russia now possess great stockpiles of A- and H-bombs, and in ten years every nation will be building reactors—for peace-time as well as military uses—all over their countrysides. In case of a war, as Dr. Ralph Lapp, the nuclear physicist, pointed out to Congress on March 20, the "fall-out" from a bombing will be far more of a disaster to the surviving population than any Civilian Defense scheme is yet prepared for. But even the present rate of radiation-production has overtaken scientific knowledge of its significance for the human body. The world-famous biologist Hermann J. Muller of the University of Indiana, who won the Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine in 1946, has been warning us for many months about the dangers of walking blind into the Nuclear Age; this present discussion has been developed by him from remarks before the recent Military-Industrial Conference in Chicago. Dr. Muller is now serving on a commission for the study of this problem as the basis for a public report.

By H. J. MULLER

IN THE atomic bombings of Japan many more people were killed by impact, fire, and heat-rays than by high-energy radiation. (We may however note that this analysis ignores the considerable shortening of life induced by all the radiation.) By contrast, a present-day hydrogen bomb emits radioactive fallout products, derived from its added uranium, that are lethal over an area of thousands of square miles, more than 100 times that ravaged by the blast itself.

It is obvious that to enable these H-bombs to do maximum damage the attempt will be made to space them over populous regions so as to have their wide marginal areas of fallout overlap. By means of this "pattern bombing" even the margins are brought above the radiation level for lethality and the range of effective fallout is expanded. Moreover, most of the survivors caught far within the group of conjoined fallout areas are compelled to wait much longer underground until the radiation has sufficiently subsided to allow them to take the long journey out. This journey would be necessary, because it would for years be dangerous to live in bombed regions.

It would be surprising if the surviving population of a country that was systematically bombed in this way did not accumulate in the course of time an average of 100 to several hundred roentgen units of radiation, even though they had been well disciplined for such an attack, and well provided with shelters, radiation counters, facilities for decontamination, essential supplies, battery-powered radios, and so forth. At least, it has been estimated that people remaining all the time in the basements of suburban-type houses, well sealed off from the dust of the outer air, in positions 110 miles downwind from an explosion of the type set off on March 1, 1954, would receive some 100 roentgens of gamma radiation from outside during the first week alone. Moreover, exposure outdoors in that region on the eighth day if

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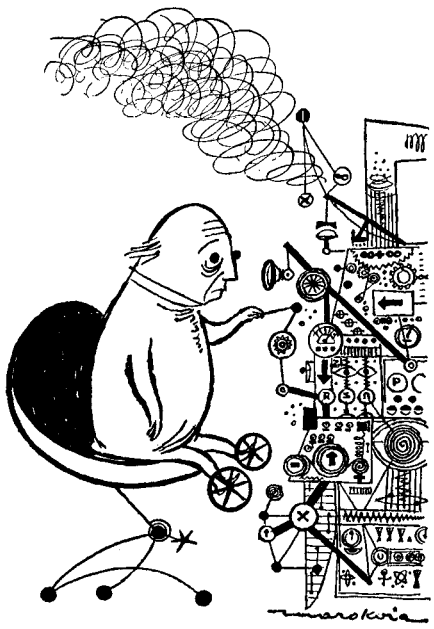
rain or artificial decontamination had not occurred might deliver eighty roentgens more of whole-body radiation to them in twenty-four hours. This would not be enough to give many of them serious radiation sickness if they did not get the dust on their skins or into their bodies. If, however, the population were not well prepared and instructed the survivors might in the course of the first week or two receive an average dose of well over 1,000 roentgens. This is a dose several times that which would have killed them if it had been received all at once, and when received in this somewhat more diffuse form it would still be enough to give most of them pronounced radiation sickness. We shall not attempt to estimate here what proportion of the people in the entire fallout area would, because of less protection or shorter distance from the explosion than this, have had such severe radiation sickness as to kill them. For this proportion would largely depend upon how well the people had been disciplined in advance, provided with shelters, and otherwise equipped.

EARLIER EFFECTS OF RADIATION

Many of the well-known symptoms of the group of disturbances known as radiation sickness appear to stem from reduction in the number and efficiency of blood-system cells and of their products, such as the blood platelets that insure clotting. The minute perforations caused by destruction of blood-vessel cells and of intestinal cells lead to internal bleeding and to the entrance of bacteria, while the decimation of the white blood cells reduces the body's ability to overcome bacteria.

This reduction in cell numbers and effectiveness is found primarily in the case of cells that multiply frequently. Included here are not only the diverse blood-system cells mentioned, but also skin and hair cells, the effects on which cause temporary loss of skin color and of hair, and the cells of the reproductive organs, that may be enough affected to enter a period of sterility. Part of the effect, in all these cases, must be a consequence of the temporary checking of cell multiplication that radiation is known to cause. But much of it must be a consequence of the damaging, probably by breakage, of the chromosomes within the cells. These are the minute threads containing the cell's hereditary equipment, its thousands of different, highly specialized genes. It is only when cells divide and therewith transmit their precious cargo of genes to their two daughter cells that a break in a chromosome, previously produced, may result in a cell that lacks a chromosome fragment, and that is killed or permanently impaired by the absence of certain of its genes. In other words, there is reason to infer that much of the malady known as radiation sickness is really an expression of damage to the hereditary material of many of the body's cells, lying scattered throughout certain strategic tissues that normally are renewing themselves actively.

On this interpretation it is not surprising that if the damage has not been too severe there will be some normal cells remaining, by the multiplication of which the depleted tissues will become in considerable measure restored. The restoration will be incomplete, however, and diverse parts of the body will thereby be left in a somewhat weakened or less effectively operating condition. Since this damage is greater the more rapidly multiplying the cells in the given tissue were, it is evident that the younger the individual is when irradiated the more he will be affected. This will express itself, among other things, in a checking of growth from which he will never fully recover. Moreover, those parts of him that were in a faster growing, more formative state at the time of exposure will be especially retarded and deranged. That is why even doses of fifty to 100 roentgens, if delivered to the young fetus, can give rise to permanent abnormalities such as the condition of small head or microcephaly, resulting in defective intelligence, that was found in some of the children born at Hiroshima several months after the bombing.



If we are careless about radiation-control the man of the future may be a technological wizard but a biological mess.

DELAYED EFFECTS

One of the kinds of damage to body cells that is sometimes brought about by radiation is the conversion of a normal cell, probably by some kind of mutation in a gene, into a cell with the potentiality of later producing, when the conditions are appropriate for it, a malignant growth, either of blood cells, as in leukemia, or of some other type. These symptoms sometimes become evident only decades after the irradiation. Fortunately, they are induced in only a small minority of people, except in cases in which only a small part of the body has been irradiated with a dose far higher than the whole body could have tolerated. More frequent among the late effects of irradiation of the whole body are the development of minute spots of opacity in the lenses of the eyes. These cataracts, seldom large enough to impair vision seriously, show where individual cells have been permanently damaged, very likely by breaks in their chromosomes. It is only because the lens is a transparent tissue that we can directly detect these points of injury in it, but it may be inferred that the same kind of thing happens in all parts in which there are cells that can divide. This would explain what is by far the most serious of the long-term effects of radiation on the exposed person himself: the shortening of his span of life.

It is remarkable how few people, even among physicians, are yet aware of this effect and of the exact rules it follows. These rules were discovered some ten or more years ago by Dr. R. D. Boche (then at the University of Rochester but shortly afterwards at the University of Chicago) on going over data obtained by a number of investigators during the war, under the Manhattan District project, on the time of death of irradiated mammals of several different species. The principles were further developed by G. A. Sacher and A. M. Brues. The results have been so consistent that there is no reasonable doubt of the application of the same rules to man, especially in view of some confirmatory evidence. *They lead to the conclusion that for each roentgen unit of radiation received by the whole body at a given age, if delivered at a rate of not more than a few roentgens per day, there is on the average a loss of something like five days of life, perhaps as much as two weeks, depending on the age.* There is still some uncer-

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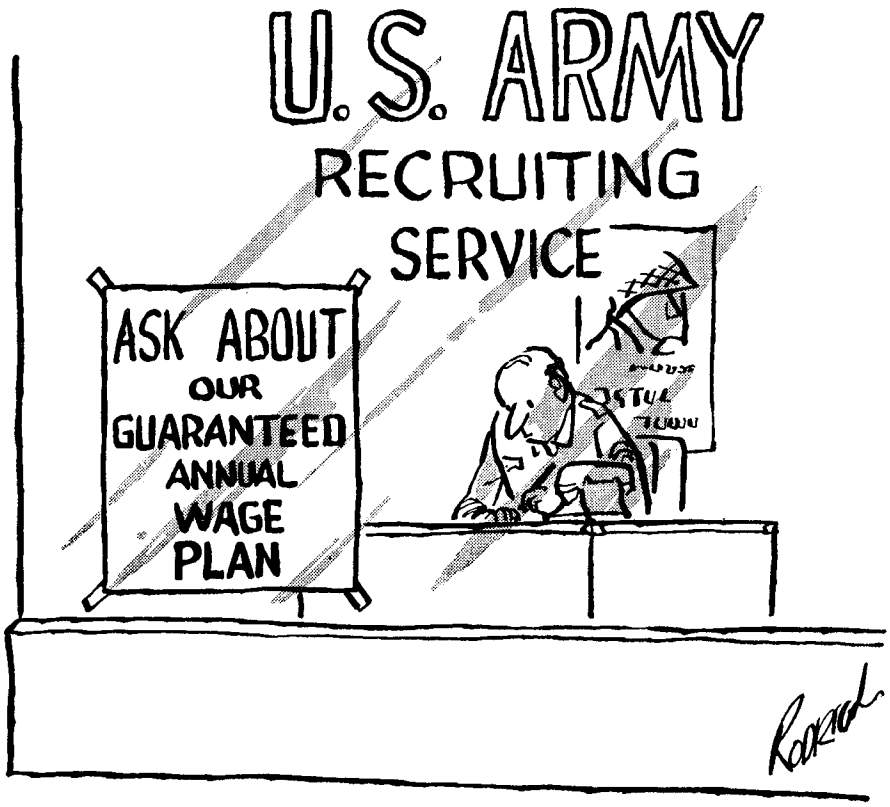

tainty about the exact quantity, but not about the principle. No one particular ailment is thereby induced in the exposed group; they are simply made a trifle more susceptible to all causes of death, much as if they had been aged by several days.

Since the effect is proportional to the amount of radiation, if the rate of radiation per day is low a dose of 200 roentgens, received in a dispersed manner over a considerable period, would cause a pseudo-aging of something like 1,000 days. That is, death would on the average occur nearly three years earlier than if there had been no exposure. This proportionality of the effect to dose at low rates of delivery of the radiation is understandable if it has its basis in chromosome changes, for at low dose rates these chromosome effects also follow this rule, unlike most biological effects. If, however, the *rate* of delivery of the radiation is raised considerably, so that the 200 roentgens here in question are received in a period of hours, the frequency of permanent chromosome changes becomes disproportionately greater, and corresponding with this there will be a more extreme curtailment of the life span.

In view of all this it is rather surprising to read such a statement as that which appeared in the November 1955 issue of the Office of Naval Research's magazine *Research Reviews* in the article featured on the cover as "Fallout True Story." This article ends with the following statement, referring to the sixty-four natives of Rongelap in the Marshall Islands who had received an estimated 175 roentgens of gamma radiation and additional radiation of a beta type, and who had shown some symptoms of radiation sickness: "Yet, after eighteen months all sixty-four of these natives are still alive, *and none suffers any lasting after-effects as the result of their experience with radioactive dust.*" (Italics mine.) Do we not officially admit the long-known shortening of life, and the fact that any exposure, no matter how small, exerts some permanent damage?

As for larger doses, it can be calculated that people of, say, thirty years of age who have somehow managed to survive 1,000 roentgens, the first third of it received in the first day or two and the rest by the accumulation of decreasing amounts over a period of weeks or months, will probably succumb within something like a decade.

EFFECTS ON THE DESCENDANTS

It is fortunate that such large doses as this usually cause sterility, for the sum total of hereditary damage done to later generations by a given amount of irradiation of persons who later reproduce, if expressed in terms of years of life lost, is very much greater, perhaps more than ten times as great, as the damage done to the directly exposed individuals. This total damage is spread out over so many generations, however, that even in the most affected generation, that of the immediate children, it would be very difficult to demonstrate it even after a dose of one to a few hundred roentgens. Yet it is nonetheless very real, and hits humanity at its innermost and most precious core.

This damage to later generations, unlike that causing the trouble in the tissues of the exposed individual's own body, does not have its basis mainly in breaks of the chromosomes. It consists mainly of permanent chemical alterations, called *mutations,* that are produced by the radiation in a haphazard way in one or another of the genes, the hereditary particles, lying within the chromosomes of the reproductive cells. Each of the thousands of different genes in a reproductive cell will have its specialized role to play in the development and maintenance of the offspring that that cell, after fertilization, will produce, and in the intricate system of operations whereby that offspring will live and in its own turn reproduce. Any alteration of a given gene's composition, brought about by some minute collision that was induced blindly by a bolt of radiation, will in the vast majority of cases cause some impairment in the functioning of the body derived from the affected germ cell.

It is an old wives' tale that these mutations *frequently* take the form of monstrosities. It should be recognized that the impairment will usually be slight, or even unrecognizable, consisting of such traits as a slightly greater than average tendency to rheumatism or gastric ulcer, or high blood pressure, often not evident until the later years of life, or a higher requirement for some vitamin, or a slightly lowered I.Q. One reason for this lack of marked effects is that an offspring containing a mutant gene will almost always inherit from its other parent an undamaged gene of the original kind in question, and this normal gene will usually exert a much stronger effect than the mutant gene, being as we say "dominant." Yet, for all that, the mutant gene and the slight impairment caused by it will be inherited by a succession of generations, and it will hamper them to some small degree at least, even in the presence of the normal gene, until in the end some descendant finds himself in circumstances where just that disability happens to become the deciding factor in causing his death before maturity, or his failure to reproduce. Thus, the mutant gene will at long last be eliminated from the

(*Continued on page* 37)

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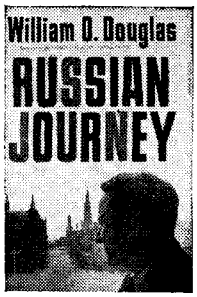

SR's Book of the Week

"RUSSIAN JOURNEY"

Author: William O. Douglas

By LESLIE C. STEVENS, *who served for two years as U. S. Navy attache in Moscow.*

IT IS, of course, difficult to sense the blending of white and black in the Soviet Union and to express its true shade of gray. Flat statements about that country and simple yes or no answers are usually oversimplifications. The true answer is usually "yes, but—" or "no, but—," followed by a long explanation of just what is involved in Russia today. One reason for this is that unless the Russian framework is given in detail the listener—or, as in the case of a book, the reader—is apt to draw far-reaching and unwarranted conclusions by relating a simple statement to his own framework—a framework which is vastly different from the Russian one.

Justice William O. Douglas's "Russian Journey" (Doubleday, $4.50) is a record of his observations on his own recent trip to that country, and it is clear from his book that he took his journey with misgivings. He is, of course, far too well-grounded in government and politics to overlook the black. But he seems to have been impressed by the darker side of what he had heard and read about the Soviet Union before he went there, and perhaps that is why he came away with many a vision of dazzling white and seldom attempts to write in terms of gray.

He does have many valid things to say about the USSR: about that country's nationalities problem, its agriculture, its churches, and its courts; and he gives an excellent picture of the energy and dynamism of the people as well as of the vastness and the complexity of the bureaucracy that is in control. And the last chapter, which is entitled "The New Russian Strategy," contributes notably to the stature of his book. This chapter can be read by itself as a separate essay, and it is well worth reading. As it makes clear, Justice Douglas is convinced that although the Kremlin is anxious to avoid war the ultimate aims of Communism have not changed. He believes that Russia has moved into a position of increased strength as a result of her change in policies and that peaceful coexistence will involve a degree of political competition which we have never previously experienced in international affairs. The stakes of this competition are the loyalty and support of the non-Soviet world. He develops well the point that Communism promises not only security to the poor and oppressed of Asia and Africa but also a discipline based on authority for which these peoples have a need.

ALTHOUGH competition will entail for us "massive expenditures and technical and political missions of a nature we have never yet imagined," he says he "considers our chances good, largely because we consider human beings more important than theoretical humanity."

Justice Douglas's ideas about the immediate future in international competition should have a wide hearing. And, considering his book as a whole, he presents a reasonably good picture of the way Russia operates internally. But one might have hoped that a writer with his background would have had more to say of other Soviet concepts, such as consent of the governed, checks and balances, and the nature of totalitarianism. It is regrettable also that Justice Douglas often gives us statistics and figures with no indication of their source.

But there are also other faults. In his book he lays much stress on the similarities between the Soviet lands and peoples and those of the United States—similarities which, in the opinion of this reviewer, are superficial and can lead to many misinterpretations through applying the wrong frame of reference. In fact, he is throughout the entire book prone to generalizations that might better be qualified. In widely separated passages Justice Douglas himself does indeed provide these necessary qualifications, but on the whole one is almost startled when one finds a denial side by side with the broad assertion. One interesting example of this type of side-by-side assertion and denial: he says that once he was allowed to enter a region or a city nothing was kept from him although "some questions were, of course, evaded and others were not answered." As we have said earlier, flat statements about the USSR are usually oversimplifications.

THE AUTHOR: Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court William O. Douglas once noted, "Most lawsuits when viewed from the bench are fundamentally fascinating, but there are dull moments even for a judge." When a friend once caught him wool-gathering Douglas confessed that he was thinking of trout-fishing "in the Big Klickitat of the Cascade Mountains in eastern Washington." This should come as no surprise to those who know the spate of books he has written about his vacation adventures during the last six years: "Of Men and Mountains," "Strange Lands and Friendly People," "Beyond the High Himalayas," "North from Malaya." His love of nature goes back some fifty-odd years to his childhood; he explains that it was "infantile paralysis that drove me to the outdoors." After overcoming the illness he was taunted by the boys for his spindly legs. He determined to build them up by hiking and climbing the Yakimas in his home state of Washington. He's been climbing ever since. As one of three children he had to help provide for the family on the death of his father, a Presbyterian missionary from Canada, by working in creameries and harvest-labor in the fields. He took to schooling and for two years was a high-school teacher of English and Latin. In 1922 Douglas set out for New York's Columbia University Law School, paying for his fare by herding a carload of Chicago-bound sheep. His specialty was the relation of law and business and upon being graduated he decided, in anthropologists' lingo, to do a field study of "the facts of law and life among the natives," meaning Wall Streeters naturally. His work led to the reorganization of the Stock Exchange. Somehow he also found time to be a member of the law faculties of Columbia and Yale. In 1939, while he was serving as chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission, FDR appointed him to the Supreme Court. On the bench Justice Douglas belongs to the liberal bloc; off the bench six-foot sandy-haired Douglas is an inveterate and observant traveler. One country he had set his sights on was Russia, but it took five yearly tries before he finally got his visa. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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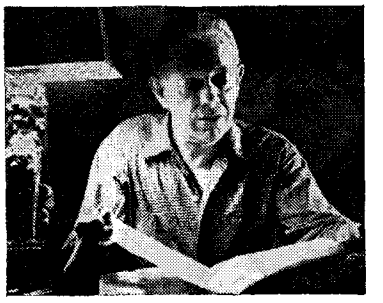
FICTION

Juicy Medieval Morass



Tiffany Thayer—"heeding his call."

"The Prince of Taranto," by Tiffany Thayer *(Dial Press. 3 vols. 1,267 pp. $12.50), comprises the first portion of the writer's projected twenty-one volumed "Tiffany Thayer's Mona Lisa," all of which will, according to its author, set the world straight on a few points of Renaissance history and particularly on the qualities of the women of the time.*

By James Kelly

TRANSFERRING the Bobby Clark leer to fiction is not easy, but Tiffany Thayer manages it. In fact, he has built a writing career on it. Beginning with the naughtily inventive "Thirteen Men" (1930), continuing the jazzy view of femininity in "Thirteen Women," the creaky vulgarity of a prostitute's life in "One Woman," and a dozen or so other volumes, the author has maintained a steadfastly ribald point of view. You might say he writes after Rabelais, quite a long time after, and that a quick reference in his introduction to the present work gives the thematic clue: "Sixteen years ago I would buy any bit of writing or printing offered to me on the subject of Mona Lisa, the painting or the sitter, because it had been suggested that I was just the lad to find out what made her smile like that. Your memory probably doesn't go back so far, but sixteen years ago there was a popular American superstition to the effect I knew more about women than any other articulate male since Solomon and before Kinsey."

So now we know what Mr. Thayer has been up to for the past sixteen years. He has been heeding his call to look into the mystery of Mona Lisa and the medieval fifteenth-century morass from which she came. Claiming to have discovered a long-lost prose manuscript of the rapscallion poet François Villon the author pretends to read from it the tumultuous tale of those days when the nymphomaniac Queen Joan II ruled the Kingdom of Naples despite a running intrigue on the part of the Prince of Taranto and others to unseat her. Says Mr. Thayer wickedly: "What I have Englished out of the obscurities of some twenty-two languages is the juicy part that those other fellows thought better not to mention in our mother tongue. The books on this subject which they gave you in school were intended to cover up what we have here, and most of the books you have read about these times since you left school have been written by women who could not tell a fairy from a Harvard man if Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, and Freud were all in the room with anatomical charts and pointers."

Among the few uncontroversial claims made for the book by the author is that it is the *longest* ever written about the Renaissance. This

"THAT DIRTY BOY": Tiffany Thayer is "loaded for the critics," whom he defies to prove any event false in the 46,000-page, hand-written MS. comprising "Tiffany Thayer's Mona Lisa," the first three volumes of which, entitled "The Prince of Taranto," have just been released. A former actor, artist, and screen writer, the author of "Thirteen Men" and "Thirteen Women" has since 1939 immersed himself in this fictional behemoth, devoting to it six months' annual leave from the ad agency of Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, for whom he hawks Pall Mall cigarettes. And after office hours he grinds happily away at it until three in the morning. "The sheer physical effort has been a delight," he insists. Reporting that "The Prince" has been made required reading by New York University, he said, "I would much prefer to publish the books as history because I have utter conviction that what I have written, aside from dialogue, is more accurate than you can read in any other book. That was a lot of work, and I spent an awful lot of money on it—at least five or six thousand dollars. I have had books translated that have never been in English before, and I taught myself to read Italian. I made nine corrections in the Encyclopedia Britannica in the course of these years. Went to Italy, looked the place over, corrected a few of my notions. I found out everything I could regarding the various theories about the sitter [for the "Mona Lisa"]. I cover all the documents, straddle the fence so they can't prove me wrong. You can get all the books you want about Renaissance Florence, Venice, Rome, and Milan, but when you come to Naples all the writers say is, 'Now, the court of Naples was the most corrupt of the period'—period. And that's where I began. I wanted to know who paid what to whom. The actual events are the plot, and the people, except for a very few supernumeraries, are actual people that lived, and all I have done is put words in their mouths." But such jazzy words? "I did that purposely," he said, "to demonstrate that the speakers spoke slang: although they didn't use the same words that we use today they had the equivalent in their own language. I made them talk like human beings." Albeit Rabelaisian? "You must cross yourself when you say Rabelais! He is the Master," said Thayer. "I don't want any reader to blame me for the sexual antics of these people. I didn't invent them. These people acted this way. You see, I never use dirty words, but what people can't forgive me is that I don't take the sex angle seriously. I laugh at it. This facetiousness of mine has kept me from being appraised on my skill with words. I spit on the most sacred household idols, and I am 'that dirty boy.' But I can't help it," he said, "I am incorrigible. I like to give my friends a laugh—that's all. Literature? To hell," said Mr. Thayer, "with literature."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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first section of "Tiffany Thayer's Mona Lisa," subtitled "The Prince of Taranto," runs to three volumes and 1,226 pages, not counting a forty-page glossary. It covers only the years 1414-1432, and a publisher's note assures us that it will require at least six more sections of equal length to reach the concluding date of 1506 or so. Any piece of sustained writing involving an estimated nine thousand pages and three million words is pleonasm on too grand a scale to be dismissed as one man's whimsy. Whether all of the historical imaginings stay fairly close to discernible facts is a matter for trained medievalists to decide and much less fascinating than the idea that a shapeless mass of this size could pass through the brain and hands of a normally constructed human being. The author's own quiet regard for the finished work is revealed when he calls it "a performance which stands alone and unmatched among the books of the world. It is as if Benvenuto Cellini had written the 'Decline and Fall'!"

Yet, despite the lurid billing these first three volumes of "Mona Lisa" contain no more shock-value than a sophisticated reader of historical novels would expect to find in any gargantuan treatment of familiar materials. Perhaps Queen Joan is extra startling in her frank and direct response to male proximity and her total lack of feminine modesty. But most of the time she is closer kin to the comedic queens Alice met behind the looking glass, and the affairs of her court are presented too facetiously to be titillating. The Queen's henchmen are roughneck swashbucklers very recognizable by this time, the bluster-and-brawl types who draw first and ask questions later.

EVEN the Prince of Taranto, key figure in a thousand schemes and skirmishes aimed at control of Rome and Naples, seems pretty much a stock character. He is a man of few surprises as he wenches, lays about him with the broad sword, and consorts with his virginal, sexless, mystical wife, Anna Colonna, who thinks babies are found under bridges and cabbage leaves. From this background din are popped many of the Renaissance names vaguely remembered from the history books: the Borgias, the Assisis, Aragons, Bourbons, Clermonts, popes, kingmakers, bedwarmers, and even Jeanne d'Arc. But they really don't show up in the foreground of our story, and not many onlookers will feel much compunction for Joan and her gorillas in the closing pages when the jig is all but up.

Just where is Mona Lisa through all this? She will be born much later, *circa* 1473, but we are promised a meeting with her grandfather in volumes to be published "nine months hence, in memory of Anna Colonna, who discovered that it takes longer to build a palace in Naples than it does to make a baby."

Staying with a straight narrative style throughout, spattering his pages with proper names and historical allusions, and adopting a staccato delivery in which sentences are quite often paragraphs, Mr. Thayer achieves a kind of narcotic euphoria for the reader. He is usually in full command of a patois of his own invention, vaguely reminiscent of anachronistic conversations conducted by the Yankee at King Arthur's court. And when he wishes to deliver extra background lore he simply leads the reader aside in interlocutory passages labeled "Mr. Thayer Intrudes." As might be expected from all this, characters have become costumed figures in the crowd; plot hides itself behind a ceaseless ebb and flow of unfocused intrigue; and the staggered but game average reader must face moments when he can't make heads or tails of the pages before him. Bemused observers will find this no handicap to fascination, and may even decide that historical fiction gains impact from being approximately as long as the historical period reported upon. With regard to the total stature of "Tiffany Thayer's Mona Lisa" we shall see what we shall see. It may be that (to borrow an aphorism from the historians) no critic should attempt to evaluate it until at least fifty years after publication of the final volume.

The Savor of a Summer Love

"The Ripening Seed," by Colette *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 186 pp. $3), a product of France of the early Twenties, is a somewhat full-flavored tale of the love of two adolescents—a tale which has been called a modern version of "Daphnis and Chloe."*

By Otis Fellows

THE late Colette was long considered the finest French prose writer of her day, and devotees of good fiction owe it to themselves to read at least one of her novels in the course of a lifetime. Among these novels is "The Ripening Seed," a work whose defects Colette herself readily acknowledged. Yet she held it in singularly high esteem among the forty-odd volumes which comprise her work.

The novel is a story of an awakening love between two adolescents. It is also a product of the early Twenties which first appeared as a serial in a Paris newspaper until it showed signs of becoming too full-flavored for readers' tastes. At that point the installments abruptly ceased.

In it Colette tells of a Parisian boy and girl who have known each other since earliest childhood and who, with their families, spend each long summer vacation together at the seashore in Brittany. There they fish, swim, or, hand in hand, take walks along the rock-strewn beach. So absorbed are they in one another and in their mutually shared pastimes that even the most intimate members of their families hover indistinctly around the edges.

But Philippe with the black, curly hair is now sixteen, and Vinca of the periwinkle eyes is only slightly younger, and the wind and sun have turned their lithe bodies a golden brown. As the last days of summer draw near a newly acquired capacity for feeling and for suffering at unexpected moments mingles with the troubled melancholy of youth. Then, quite suddenly, the lady in white, Madame Dallery, enters this little world of uncertainty, misgiving, and budding love. The intrusion is brief but heavy with consequence.

IN MANY ways the novel is characteristic of Colette's stories in general. A relatively slim plot reveals two or three principal characters who are unaware of or indifferent to the moral implications of their acts. The characters grope for happiness through the exciting and necessary intoxication of their physical being. More often than not the women are endowed with a warm indulgence, an acute sensibility, and an intuition that goes beyond mere knowledge. The men are vain, weak-willed, and though driven by their impulses undergo the anguish of learning only through experience. In this sense Colette is a feminist.

But she is also much more. "You do not read Colette, you see what she sees," it was pointed out when

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she first achieved fame. The world of the senses is constantly at play in all her writings, a world of color, odor, sound, taste, and touch. So true is this in "The Ripening Seed" that the author's evocative style constitutes some of the novel's most brilliant pages, overshadowing both plot and character. Obviously it is a novel which is not to be skimmed through. It is to be read leisurely, as one sips a choice wine.

THE PRINCE AND THE CHARMERS: "He awoke in the morning, long before dawn, and looked with a faint air of surprise at the girl sleeping by his side. . . . He knew it was one of the slave girls, but he could give her no name. . . . Was it Third Morning Dew or Little Mouse?" That's Prince Lien every time—impetuous and a mite scatterbrained. Lien, a prince of the second rank in eighteenth-century China, is the central figure in Robert Payne's latest novel, **"A House in Peking"** (Doubleday, $3.95), and a house is just not a home to the prince unless it shelters a concubine or two. Preferably three. Third Morning Dew, Little Mouse, Golden Lotus, Phoenix, Gentle Rain . . . all these exotic cuties and presumably many more snuggle under the Prince's bearskin coverlet and awaken to his bemused scrutiny. But in spite of his well-spent evenings the Prince thirsts for bigger game; specifically for Red Jade, the auburn-haired darling of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung. How Lien slakes his thirst for the Emperor's concubine is the main subject matter of Mr. Payne's novel. There's also some huggermugger about a secret society sworn to replace the Manchus with the Mings—but mainly "A House in Peking" is taken up with thirst-slaking. —MARTIN LEVIN.

LIBERATION DAYS: Bernard Frizell is perhaps the only American fiction writer who has taken full advantage of that historic moment in August 1944 when Paris awaited the oncoming American liberators. In his novel **"Ten Days in August"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) he has a complex story to tell but he manages somehow to master all of the conflicting parties and ideas which were rife in Paris at the time and to create out of them a plot centered around a hero of the Resistance who is hiding in Paris, and a young woman who leads an equally perilous hidden life. Mr. Frizell's pages are both dramatic and informative. There was a universal strike of police, railroad, post-office, and telegraph workers; the radio was silent; and no one knew where or how far the Americans had advanced. Only when General Eisenhower sent an armored division to liberate the city did the Parisians explode with Gallic joy. Clearly Mr. Frizell's major difficulty was to equate love with politics, war, and the birth of the Fourth Republic; but he has succeeded in accomplishing this through his hero, Patrice, and his heroine, Danielle. While Danielle is imprisoned by the Gestapo, Patrice and other Resistance leaders begin an insurrection by capturing and arming the prefecture. Then when the ten agonizing days have ended and when the Americans have at last entered the city Danielle suddenly appears and throws herself into the arms of Patrice. Probably it is only right that in this historic moment romance should have the last word. —HARRISON SMITH.

—*Eliot Elisofon.*

Bernard Frizell—"dramatic, informative."

REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS BEST FORGOTTEN: Five years in the making, Ivan Obolensky's first novel, **"Rogues' March"** (Random House, $4.50), patchily reconstructs the seedy sex life and politics of Red Brook—a small Hudson Valley town—in a free-flowing mixture of sometimes powerful narrative and rambly "interior monologues" through which a series of characters spew out their intimate case histories. Not one to waste time, the author immediately acquaints us with the uncensored thoughts of Amy Judith Todd, on the eve of a successful maneuver to marry Nathaniel Dill, a banker's son who has been robbed of his chastity by Stella Robeson. The next generation is no less vigorous in pursuit of assorted bacchanalia than its forebears. One exception is Steven Harper, symbolic of the town's dormant conscience, who exposes the monstrously unethical behavior of Doc Vetch while delivering an Indian baby (a scene which chills the blood of even a hardened reviewer) through the town newspaper and reports corrupt politicking; naturally he becomes a social outcast. In viewing the sixty-year story of Red Brook up to 1945 one of the characters points to the roots of the town's decadence: it was "polluted with boredom." If the author wished to demonstrate the shameless exhibitionism and primitive behavior which boredom may breed his arty sensationalism certainly is effective but it overwhelms the unmistakably good writing that is present.

—*Jean Howard.*

Ivan Obolensky—"sometimes powerful."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

STRUGGLE IN NO-MAN'S-LAND: German war novels keep coming from the presses, and the quality of the writing keeps improving. But what do they all of them really say—these increasingly brutal descriptions of the horrors of the Russian campaign, these stories of the hopeless resistance of a trapped conqueror, or of a people trapped by their own lust for conquest? They invariably say the same thing: the real enemy is Fate, whether met or dodged; war is senseless; still, they say, there is manliness in the business. I for one wish some young German novelist would come out with a story about one of the early campaigns of the late war, and tell about the times when his army made war on people even more bewildered (and rightly so) by "Fate"; in other words, about how it felt to be Fate to other nations.

Gert Ledig's **"The Tortured Earth"** (translated by Mervyn Savill; Regnery, $3.75) is the story of a group of infantry men who find themselves encircled somewhere on the Russian front, and whose problem—surrender or near-certain death in an attempt to break through—makes for a succession of poignant scenes. The author, eloquent, careful in the choice of his imagery, and—within the basic limitations of the present-day German war novel cited above—a sincere chronicler, also presents the men facing this lost group across the narrow stretch of no-man's-land; and he is astonishingly skilful at delineating some of the traits of the Soviet sol-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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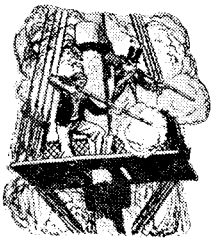


Full Focus on the Fleet

"Picture History of the U.S. Navy: From Old Navy to New, 1776 to 1897," by Theodore Roscoe and Fred Freeman *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 1,011 plates. $12.50), is a generously illustrated volume about one of the most colorful branches of our armed forces. Here it is reviewed by Richard S. West, Jr., a professor of history at the United States Naval Academy.*

By Richard S. West, Jr.

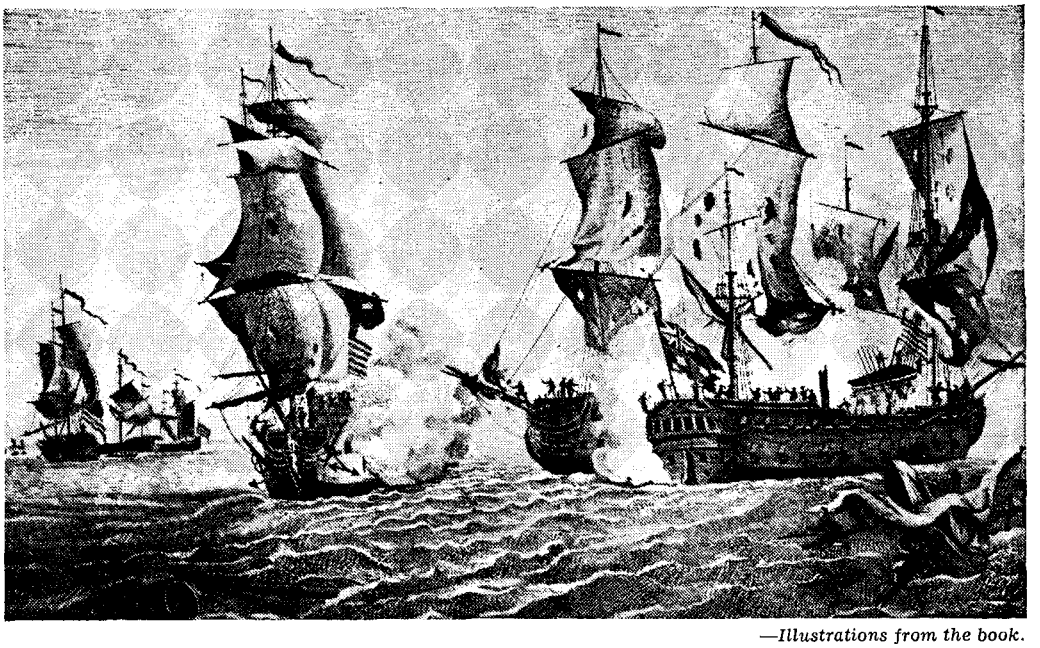
TOO OFTEN historians of the United States Navy have accepted a narrow, simon-pure "naval" view of their subject and restricted themselves to ships, weapons, leadership, and events. Too often for want of elbow room they have slighted the British background in naval doctrine and tradition, the economic and political bases of naval power, the causes and balance sheets of wars, and even military matters.

Theodore Roscoe and Fred Freeman, however, are two authors who have accepted the idea that naval history is by nature diverse, all-inclusive, and centrifugal. Their elbows are figuratively waving in every direction and are by no means taped down to their sides. In their "Picture History of the U.S. Navy" they have compiled a generous volume of pictures and captions which boldly and effectively presents the many-sided complexity of the Navy. The use of pictures, maps, diagrams, legible photographs of cartoons, recruiting posters, handbills, newspaper clippings, and entire pages from rare books has proved in this instance economical and efficient. The book contains over a thousand illustrations, and the captions range from a few lines of identification to a 300-word thumbnail sketch of a person or a 600-word tabloid summary of such an event as the mutiny on the *Somers*. Although the authors adopt a topical arrangement of material whenever it suits their purpose their overall pattern is chronological, with chapters on the Revolutionary War and its background, on the founding of the Navy in the quasi-war with France and the Barbary Wars, on the War of 1812, the transition from sail to steam, the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the development of the "new Navy" of 1897. The curtain is rung down on the eve of the war with Spain.

Their volume depicts both the bright spots and the somber ones of the Navy: the creditable line of heroes (Jones, Decatur, Farragut, David D. Porter, Dewey, *et al.*) and the light sprinkling of mutinies (seven to be exact, of which the so-called "mutiny" on the *Somers* achieved widest notoriety). Every aspect of this history is represented whether it be diplomatic (Franklin in France, Perry in Japan), political (John Adams "fathered" the Navy in 1798 when he organized the Navy Department), or social and economic (the California gold rush and America's industrial growth tied in directly with Naval business and technological development). A picture of the simply-dressed Ben Franklin among the splendid periwigs of Louis XVI's court is justly included because Franklin helped negotiate the French Alliance, which in turn brought French fleets into American waters and clinched Washington's decisive victory at Yorktown.

Necessarily the captions for the book's 1,000-odd illustrations are sketchy. But they are to the point. With a flair for human interest and with an ear for a pithy phrase, Mr. Roscoe compresses much into telegraphic captions. Omnivorous rather than discriminating in his acceptance of sources, however, he sometimes trips on facts. It was Dick Taylor, rather than Bedford Forrest, who hustled Banks and Porter out of the Red River country in 1864; and the "fake ironclad" which caused the Confederates to destroy the *Indianola* was a dummy monitor rather than a casemated vessel.

Mr. Freeman's contributions include end-paper paintings and drawings for chapter headings. Among his several original drawings are the litho-crayon drawing "Paul Jones at Sea," which is used on the jacket; "Flashback!" (depicting a boarding party from the American *Wasp* swinging cutlasses against the crew of H.M.S. *Reindeer*); and "Pointblank Hit!" (depicting Captain Worden as he lay wounded aboard Ericsson's *Monitor*). They are drawings which add realism to the book.



—*Illustrations from the book.*

Bonhomme Richard **alongside the** ***Serapis*****—"naval history is diverse, all-inclusive, and centrifugal."**

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Naval Pioneers at War

"Mr. Lincoln's Admirals," by Clarence Edward Macartney *(Funk & Wagnalls. 335 pp. $5) and* ***"Civil War on Western Waters," by Fletcher Pratt*** *(Henry Holt. 255 pp. $3.50), the latest additions to the ever-lengthening Civil War shelf, throw light on the maritime aspects of the conflict. Our reviewer is Theodore Roscoe, whose "Picture History of the U. S. Navy" is appraised on the opposite page.*

By Theodore Roscoe

LINCOLN'S admirals were a colorful group. Individualism and non-conformity were dominant characteristics perhaps to be expected in men leading as non-conformist an assortment of naval vessels as ever sailed under one flag. In squadrons which were part wood, part iron, part stick-and-string, and part steam, Lincoln's admirals bridged the gap between old-time and modern naval warfare. Sometimes they stood this bridge confused, adhering to old ways, mistrustful of new. More often (as when Worden fought the *Merrimac* with the *Monitor*, or as Rodgers took the ironclad *Galena* up the James River) they entered action as pioneers, resourcefully improvising, testing by fire and water. Pioneering, of course, is antithetical to conformity.

In "Mr. Lincoln's Admirals" Dr. Macartney touches upon many of the novel aspects of the Union naval effort: for example, he touches upon such tactical innovations as coordinated fleet maneuvers and as ships attacking forts in a war that introduced rifled guns and turret vessels.

But the author's stated concern is with the "character and personality" of the Navy's Civil War leaders. For study he selects Farragut, Foote, Du Pont, Dahlgren, and David Dixon Porter. Chapters are also devoted to Welles and Fox of the Navy Department, to Captains Worden, Winslow and Napoleon Collins, and to young Lieutenant Cushing, conqueror of the *Albemarle*. But biographically Dr. Macartney would have these men conform with "old school" concepts of leadership and with the current effort to lend an evangelical cast to the melody. The subjects are presented in Victorian frames, well suited to the daguerrotypes of that period. One example: "In the illustrious career of Farragut, our first admiral, and the most famous of our naval commanders," writes Dr. Macartney, "there was one keen disappointment. All his battles were waged against forts. . . . With his always careful preparation for battle, his flaming spirit, and his magnificent courage, he would have made a splendid commander after the style of Nelson or Rodney." Offering opinion as categorical fact in this manner, the author is on unsure ground. "Might have" is always safer than "would have." And just what was the "style" of Nelson or Rodney? The reader is left with a semantic blank.

Again, the author offers shadow for substance when he deals in physiognomy. "No one was ever more determined in battle than Foote. One look at that granite countenance reveals determination and indomitable courage. Among the chief personalities of the Army and Navy during the war only the countenance of George Thomas, the 'Rock of Chickamauga,' shows a comparable iron will and strength of character." In that estimable Civil War album "Divided We Fought" a Brady photo, contrary to Dr. Macartney, endows Foote with a gentle, grandfatherly mien. This reviewer has seen others, equally mild, as well as one of Thomas in which the "Rock of Chickamauga" looks surprisingly like Grant and all those other bearded officers who looked like Grant. Not that Dr. Macartney's idealism is undesirable. But historicity is another matter, and the seams of historicity show in this book.

YET Dr. Macartney's volume contains much in the way of lively anecdote and meaty incident. When the author presents excerpts from diaries, battle reports, and correspondence he is in safe waters. It is when he offers sweeping generalities that he discusses Dr. Macartney's rather than Mr. Lincoln's admirals.

Generalization is a failing of Fletcher Pratt, too, when it comes to his little homilies on tactics and strategy. But, happily, in "Civil War on Western Waters," he remains for the most part in safe waters. His book is superior reading and he writes history. Historians have too long neglected the vital amphibious campaign which cut the Mississippi Valley out of the

—*From "Civil War on Western Waters."*

Mortar boats on Mississippi's Island 10.

Confederacy. The Mississippi was the South's main artery. After the embolism at New Orleans and the slashings of Island 10, Memphis, and Vicksburg the great military convulsions in the East were but the Confederacy's death throes.

Mr. Pratt points up the Navy's major role in the Mississippi campaign. Spearheading the operation were the outlandish flotillas of sidewheelers, stern-wheelers, and turret boats—the ironclads, tinclads, timber-clads, cotton-clads, and "hay-clads" that paddled downriver to strike the Confederate defenses. In the main the author lets Foote, Farragut, and D. D. Porter speak for themselves through their deeds. He also writes of Henry Walke, T. O. Selfridge, and other leaders of the "freshwater fleet" whose exploits were certainly as heroic and fully as significant as those of, say, Collins or Du Pont.

Probing material overlooked by run-of-mill researchers, Mr. Pratt uncovers some of the war's more fantastic episodes. For example: Le Roy Fitch devising "crutches" for his paddle-boats to jump them over bars and take them upstream in pursuit of Morgan's cavalry. (Steamboats chasing cavalry, indeed!) The sailors who won the Mississippi were pioneers in every sense; almost nothing on that river frontier "conformed."

Editorializing, the author invites debate by contending that the Confederates lost the river chiefly because their defenses (forts) were static and the Union naval drive was aggressively dynamic. He notes, however, that the Confederates had little to be dynamic with. They entered the war without a navy, and in all the South there was not one machine shop capable of building a marine engine. Without the tools the most enterprising warriors in the world could not do a job. (One might add that enterprising people might have acquired tools in the first place—instead of slaves.)

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Strength by Sea

"Famous American Ships," by Frank O. Braynard *(Hastings House, 224 pp. $5), is a record of how ships helped build America. It is reviewed by Felix Riesenberg, Jr., whose most recent book, "Sea War, the Story of the U.S. Merchant Marine in World War II," was published recently.*

By Felix Riesenberg, Jr.

EVER SINCE the earth's crust shriveled and sank making the Atlantic and Pacific oceans it was ordained that ships would play a leading part in the development of North America."

This is the point of departure taken by Frank O. Braynard when he embarks on the ambitious project of retelling America's history through the vignettes of sixty famous ships. The book he has written, and illustrated himself with distinctive sketches, should appeal to all who agree with him "that ships are about the most wonderful things man has ever made."

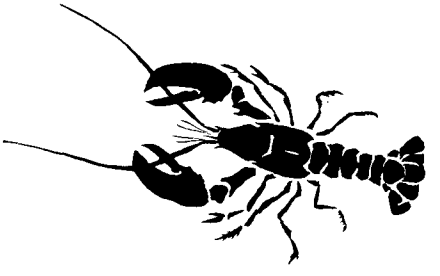
His parade of ships passes in more or less chronological review, from the Viking longships that made landfalls 500 years before the historic voyage of Columbus to the luxury liners that today speed across the ancient wakes. In the procession of such readily recognized names as the *Mayflower, Clermont, Flying Cloud, Mary Celeste,* and *United States* are a variety of obscure ships whose voyages, properous or disastrous, helped shape the destiny of America. The difficult selection of half a hundred ships from tens of thousands will naturally evoke some criticism; so, too, will the stories chosen to portray the ships. But Mr. Braynard has anticipated objections by his introductory statement that he regards his work as only a beginning, and few will quarrel with the amount of work he has done or with the consistent enthusiasm he maintains.

"Famous American Ships" moves swiftly from the voyages of the Norsemen through the age of discovery to the Colonial brigs and schooners whose skippers traded at every deep-water port in the world to begin America's heritage of merchant-marine supremacy. Following them came the "flash" packets that dominated the North Atlantic while the three-skysail Yankee clippers broke all records rounding Cape Horn on voyages to China and California. The stories of life aboard these and other ships are told with a wealth of detail: there are anecdotes, snatches of songs, and bits of forgotten lore. Since renowned naval vessels are outside the scope of this book there is a fairly full treatment of the part played by commercial craft during the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. The omission of the well-known naval vessels also gives Mr. Braynard space to tell the little-known story of early navigation on our rivers and lakes—the history of ships like the *Walk-in-the-Water,* whose odd name was inspired by the Indian description of Fulton's *Clermont.*

From the stories of hundreds of ships, their captains, crews, and passengers emerges a picture of the rise and decline of the merchant marine following the Civil War until, by the beginning of the twentieth century, America was no longer a nation great upon the sea. Here Mr. Braynard begins to trace a new tradition which grew despite tremendous odds. He tells the stories of such great vessels as the crack transatlantic liner *St. Louis,* which battled foreign competitors before World War I, and of the famous coastwise greyhound *Yale.* With our internment of the German giant which we renamed the *Leviathan* and with the formation of strong American steamship companies the process of revival got slowly under way. The passage of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 promised new ships as storm clouds began to gather over Europe.

Mr. Braynard tells much of America's story of World War II through the lives and deaths of ships well known to thousands of present-day travelers: the ships of the American President, Matson, Moore-McCormack, Grace, and United States lines, to mention only a few. Then he tells of the ships of the postwar fleet, whose leader is the *United States,* the fastest merchant ship in the world today.

There are many who will feel that Mr. Braynard has "gone overboard" in his enthusiasm for our maritime past and in his belief that ships are the nation's mainstay for the future. But the record he has set down is convincing enough evidence that America would do well to continue looking seaward.



Illustrations from "The Coast of Maine" jacket.

Ode to Down East

"The Coast of Maine," by Louise Dickinson Rich *(Crowell. 308 pp. $3.95), is an informal history and practical guide to a coast which is only 225 miles as the gull flies but is so greatly indented that its tidal length is ten times that distance—2,500 miles.*

By Gorham Munson

THE early explorers wrote beautifully about the coast of Maine. "The further we went the more pleasing it was to every man, alluring us still with expectation of better," we read in Rosier's "True Relation" of the 1605 voyage of Captain George Waymouth. These men were writing for prospective settlers, and now Louise Dickinson Rich has written about the 2,500-mile shoreline of Maine for the automobile tourists who follow U.S. Route No. 1 down to Eastport.

Sometimes it seems that Mrs. Rich has qualms about addressing her intended audience. In one of his last pieces Bernard DeVoto declared with characteristic overstatement that U.S. 1 as far as Bucksport on the Penobscot was now a "longitudinal slum" and he feared the spread of "the blight of Vacationland." In fact, it is not until Mrs. Rich writes about Corea, her favorite village on the East Coast of Maine, which is entirely safe from mass-invasion by motoring tourists, that her pen dances as it did on certain pages in her earlier best-selling book about Maine, "We Took to the Woods."

But the problem of keeping the

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Literary Gusto by Mail

"Stevenson's Letters to Charles Baxter," edited by DeLancey Ferguson and Marshall Waingrow *(Yale University Press. 385 pp. $6), assembles the correspondence between the famous nineteenth-century British writer and his business manager, who was also his lifelong friend. Our reviewer is Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard's English department.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

NO nineteenth-century writer lived so immensely and deeply in literature as did Robert Louis Stevenson. He looked at everything through literature, weighed experience almost unconsciously in literary scales, and dramatized himself, so to speak, as an experiment in style.

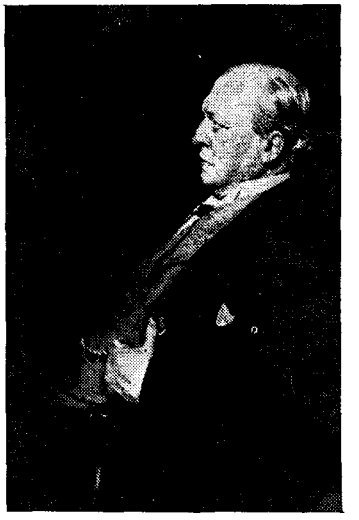
Stevenson's letters to Charles Baxter, 90 per cent of which have never been printed before, are of great biographical significance. They are also of great critical significance. Even if you know nothing about the life of Stevenson before reading this correspondence you wonder how the man survived. The vast complexity of his own illnesses is overpowering, but he is also surrounded by ill people, he lives in the midst of the most complicated family relations, his financial career is a puzzle for all mankind and the devoted Baxter to admire, his admirations and his detestations, products of his illness and his temperament, are vivid and tropical, his wanderings are huge and unpredictable. Yet, in the midst of all this he produced some of the finest writing of the late Victorian world, writing set apart from esthetic and decadent literature by a quality of gusto so vast that it offends the modern taste for confusion and despair.

This gusto is, so to speak, literary gusto. As Rossetti roamed London looking for "stunners"—that is, for gorgeous paintable models—so Stevenson savored life for the singularity of its experiences. Experience came to him through words, was expressed in words, was virtually lived as style. And here it is difficult to be precise. One must not confuse Stevenson with Swinburne, whose world of words wearies the twentieth-century reader. The difference seems to be that with Swinburne words were experience, whereas in the case of Stevenson the experience produced the words.

The letters between Stevenson and Baxter exist on two planes. One is the give-and-take of correspondence in ordinary form. But the two of them create two imaginary Scots characters, Thomson and Johnson, whose imaginary lives they hugely enter, whose dialects they write, whose biographies, craven and canny, give them infinite joy. A literary *alter ego* whose whole existence lurks in each writer is likely, even in a business letter, to take over the pen from the actual correspondent and go whirling off into scandalous and joyous revelation and abuse.

A large fraction of the correspondence has to do with the so-called quarrel with Henley, who incautiously alleged that Mrs. Stevenson had stolen a story from Katharine de Mattos, an unhappily married woman and an influence on the crotchety Henley. The charge was unfortunate, and Henley by and by made such apology as he could, but the episode is the occasion to Stevenson of infinite letter-writing, infinite soul-searching, and, if I may say so, infinite delight in the opportunity for expressing in innumerable ways the opportunity for anatomizing the soul. I do not doubt that Stevenson was deeply wounded; I am interested only in the mode of his response to crisis, a response partly forced upon him by his distance from England at the time but the quintessential product also of his literary temperament.

The editors of the present volume of these letters, Messrs. Ferguson and Waingrow, have given us everything, even one-line telegrams and brief notes about debit and credit, and it is better so. The very irregularity illuminates the inner nature of Stevenson. As the introduction notes, Stevenson was congenitally untidy in everything except writing, but the collection has a kind of Renaissance fulness of life. Relish and prejudice, gaiety and hatred breathe from these pages, which make one wish that Stevenson had not been satisfied with the historical novel and with romance. His capacity for recall was great, and he might have constructed an autobiography that would have been one of the treasures of the English tongue. As it is these letters are a kind of substitute for that autobiography.



—*Emile Blanche (Carnegie Institute of Fine Arts).*

Henry James—"fully realized life."

Artist of Fiction

"Henry James: Autobiography," edited by F. W. Dupee *(Criterion Books. 622 pp. $7.50), brings together in one volume for the first time the three books the distinguished author wrote about his own life. Our reviewer is Robert E. Spiller of the University of Pennsylvania, who recently published "The Cycle of American Literature."*

By Robert E. Spiller

ON A "gusty, cloudy, overwhelmingly English morning" in March 1869 "a somewhat disabled man who was about to complete his twenty-sixth year" landed alone at Liverpool and proceeded to the old Adelphi Hotel, where he had a breakfast of buttered muffins to the crackle of a British "sea-coal" fire, "much more confident of its function, I thought, than the fires I had left." So Henry James describes the moment of his achieved maturity, the beginning of those "middle-years" when he was to accept himself as he was and to discover in a life devoted to the writing of fiction—and to virtually nothing else—"an arrangement of things hanging together with a romantic rightness that had the force of a revelation."

The quality of this revelation, with its intensity of meaning and the near-irrelevance of the circumstances and events which gave rise to it, will serve to set the tone for the three books of an old man's reminiscences now bound together by F. W. Dupee and retitled "Henry James: Autobiography." The similarity in situation and attitude of this prolonged meditation

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on childhood and youth to the long semi-autobiographical novel of Proust immediately presents itself, but there is a subtle difference. The sensibility of James is far more—for want of a better word—objective than that of his French counterpart. One feels that Henry James is almost totally receptive and that his accumulated impressions do not build up a morbid supercharacter to dominate the lost and recaptured past; rather, they reconstruct a completely realized mental setting in which the reader finds himself at the center. In a sense on that March morning of 1869 (with the war just past and his family for the first time separated from him by the span of the Atlantic) the young American ceased to be a person and became an artist of fiction. The transformation seemed at the moment—and again in memory—to be virtually complete, but the insistence in subsequent novels and tales of the theme of the unresolved alienation of the artist from his right to live for himself rather than for his art is evidence that the problem was sublimated rather than forever solved. But it was more nearly complete than perhaps in any writer of modern times; and this book describes in a circuitous and rambling way how the transformation came to be.

THE immediate incentive for the writing of "A Small Boy and Others" was the death of the elder brother William, the last of the immediate family which had lived so closely together for so many years. The solitary survivor, now sixty-seven and really alone, with the twenty-six volumes of his collected works on the shelf to testify to a completed and richly fulfilled life, began a memoir of the man who had always seemed to be just one step ahead of him throughout all those years. From the elder brother memory reached out to the father, whose early retirement into that tight circle of his own mystical revelations had so firmly set the pattern of the family life; to the mother, who ruled by self-effacement; to the romantic younger brother, wounded in the service of Captain Robert Shaw's Negro regiment; and to the Temple and other cousins who seemed to swarm about the household, whether in New York, Newport, Geneva, or London. Mary Temple has her conspicuous place, and her letters, freely quoted, together with those of William, Wilky, and Henry Senior, help to weave the fabric of the rediscovered past. Slowly the pages turn until "the end of our youth" is reached in Mary's death and the long years of maturity stretch out ahead. Then the words cease to flow from the floor-pacing novelist, to be taken down on the huge and primitive typewriter by the ever-faithful Theodora Bosanquet. All that is important of this story of the birth of an artist has been told; the unfinished third volume was published a year after the death of its author.

This is the first time that the three volumes have been brought together in a single book, and Mr. Dupee has done a service of value to readers as well as students of James in offering them with a minimum of necessary notes to make them intelligible. But even increased availability probably will not make them widely read, although it may stimulate their more careful study. Leon Edel in his recent biography has extracted from them most of what will interest the more casual reader who will turn to that book or the more factual account of Robert Le Clair. The complete text of the "Memoir" itself will continue to be reserved for the devoted Hamesean who has read at least the three novels of the "major phase" with full enjoyment, and more than once. For him there is in it the rich and relaxed experience of a fully realized life in its impressionable, confused, and formative stage.

BIERCE IN BUSINESS: What happened to Ambrose Bierce after he disappeared in Mexico in 1913 has been the major mystery which has tantalized friends and admirers of the bitter compiler of "The Devil's Dictionary," but almost equally unknown have been the months in 1879 and 1880 when he disappeared from the literary scene to join the search for gold among the mining camps of the Dakota Territory. Paul Fatout, whose "Ambrose Bierce: The Devil's Lexicographer" is the most complete story of the whole life, now concentrates in **"Ambrose Bierce and the Black Hills"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.50) on experiences in which the thirty-two-year-old man of letters from California found himself involved as General Agent in Dakota for the Black Hills Placer Mining Company of New York. Harried by misunderstanding and mistrust, by people who thought they could do his job better than he, and by multiple and conflicting directives from the East, Bierce seems as a businessman to have done remarkably well. With virtually no money and sometimes little authority, he kept the project going in spite of creditors who clamored at his door. Eventually, perhaps inevitably, the enterprise failed. The law suits, the recrimination, and the broken friendships which followed bothered Bierce for many years. Speculative finance in the nineteenth century was probably sometimes less ruthless than this scheme which would flush gold from the Dakota hills. But eighteen months of it was enough for Bierce before he beat his way back toward literature, more acidly questioning the motives of man than before. Mr. Fatout admires Mr. Bierce and he does not admire some of his speculating associates, but he tells the story objectively and well.

—LEWIS LEARY.

WRITERS' PROFILES: After some seventy-five years and twenty-five printings Sarah K. Bolton's **"Famous American**

Gogglehead

By Lenore G. Marshall

I WAS the first to see the gogglehead
Alight on a roof in a shelter of chimney smoke
It was bagged in sacking and shaking a hidden shape
In mute surveyal as if to say So this is the world.

Out of nothing, out of sudden: it was there;
Flapping to winds wintry across from my window
Shrouded in caul that concealed what it was or no,
Without body, it was all head; the head had brought it from its where.

Bulged by a bishop's mitre or rhinoceros bone
Or the pronged crown of a star gone lost and blind,
Hatch of test tube or lightning, or escape of a small boy's mind,
It might be the first of legions, it might be a lone.

No angel choirs rang, it hung with never a clue
Huddling over stony street walls and inverted legged creatures
Shifting this way and that in the pit, confronted my alien features.
Poor gogglehead, I know what you see. I too.

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Authors" (Crowell, $3) continues to be available. The most recent printing, revised by William A. Fahey, is a pleasant enough volume, even though no one should take very seriously the publisher's claim that it is "a treasury of literary criticism." Mrs. Bolton's intention, after all, was to provide a series of profiles or sketches that would make their appeal through warm and partial presentation. She was more interested in the small details—most of them now well known—of biography and of the occasions of publication. Since she knew some of her subjects personally her uniformly laudatory tone is hardly surprising. Her sketches run from Washington Irving to Edith Wharton, and they include Cooper, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Whitman, Louisa May Alcott, and Twain.

Mr. Fahey has revised some of the factual data, he says, which have been affected by modern scholarship. Likewise sympathetic, though perhaps more "critical," he has added chapters on Willa Cather, Sandburg, Lewis, O'Neill, and Stephen Vincent Benét. These he apparently regards as the representative voices of twentieth-century American literature. The voices of Faulkner, Hemingway, Cummings, and the like he ignores for reasons which he does not mention. His choices, nevertheless, are undoubtedly "famous" and some of them even "inspirational," as Mrs. Bolton would have had them. Mrs. Bolton, it might be added, had also written about poor boys and girls and about scientists who became famous. One cannot object to her aims. The present volume has its own charm, and it can be recommended to young or inexperienced readers.

—Edward A. Bloom.

WRITERS UP-TO-DATE: The H. W. Wilson Co. has just released the First Supplement ($8) to its biographical dictionary, **"Twentieth Century Authors,"** published fourteen years ago. A volume as large as its parent, this 1,123-page addendum adds 700 new biographies, mostly of authors who have arrived since 1942, and brings up to date the activities of those previously included. Together the two volumes cover approximately 2,550 American and foreign authors, their books, their vital statistics, what the critical consensus is of them, what they have to say about themselves. For students, as well as those of us whose work is with writers, "Twentieth Century Authors" is a *sine qua non.* Hooray for the Supplement!

—Rochelle Girson.

IDEAS

Midwife of Technocracy

"The New World of Henri Saint-Simon," by Frank E. Manuel *(Harvard University Press. 433 pp. $7.50), is a biography which may prove to be the definitive one of an eighteenth-century French social philosopher who foresaw the coming of the Industrial Revolution. Our reviewer, historian J. Salwyn Schapiro, is the author of "Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism."*

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

DURING the first half of the nineteenth century a ferment of ideas comparable to that of the Enlightenment was stirring France. The nature of society, rather than the nature of man, was now the subject of heated inquiry. New thinkers proposed schemes for reorganizing society that varied all the way from the neo-medievalism of Bonald and Maistre to the utopian socialism of Fourier and the anarchistic mutualism of Proudhon. Of these new social philosophers the most significant for our day was Claude Henri, Count de Saint-Simon, the subject of a new biography by Frank E. Manuel, professor of history at Brandeis University.

Mr. Manuel's book is a mature study in intellectual history. It is based on a thorough knowledge of the life and writings of Saint-Simon and an intimate, even subtle, understanding of the climate of opinion in the France of the period. Without being Freudian Mr. Manuel effectively blends the ideas of Saint-Simon with his personal life. A vein of irony runs through the author's description of the incredible behavior of the eccentric philosopher who was "intoxicated with the future." So does a warm appreciation of his "fresh insights, grand hypotheses, and vast generalizations."

Saint-Simon came of an old, aristocratic family. In his youth he fought in the American Revolution as an officer in the French Army. Later, during the French Revolution, he supported the revolutionists, largely, as Mr. Manuel implies, because of policy rather than conviction. He made a fortune speculating in confiscated church lands but squandered it by leading a riotous life. At the age of fifty Saint-Simon was destitute and for a time was supported by his former servant. Then, as the author remarks, the cynical speculator, now impoverished, "was reborn a philosopher."

During the Restoration, and even before, Saint-Simon began writing profusely on social problems. His all-comprehending, all-inclusive purpose was to solve all human problems by creating a perfect society. This seemed feasible, since the idea of a rapid change from an old social order to a new and better one had been dramatized by the French Revolution. In one decade the Old Regime, which had existed for centuries, had gone down to swift destruction; and a new social order, deliberately and consciously planned, had been quickly established. Could not this recently created social order be transformed into a still better one? And even more quickly? The idea of social revolution became fixed in the minds of the radical French thinkers of the first half of the nineteenth century. But mindful of the Reign of Terror they repudiated violence and relied upon peaceful methods to attain their objective.

OF THESE radical thinkers Saint-Simon may be said to have been the most influential, not only in France but on the Continent generally. Why? He had no great learning and no training in any special field. He had

—Viollet, from the book.

Saint-Simon—". . . 'reborn a philosopher'."

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little of the graces of style, so essential in literary-conscious France. He continuously spawned half-finished manuscripts, which were later hatched out as coherent studies by devout secretary-disciples, among whom were Auguste Comte and Augustin Thierry. What Saint-Simon did possess, however, was an extraordinary social imagination. From the midst of megalomaniac rantings would burst forth brilliant flashes of insight into the nature of the new society that was just emerging in his day. In the early dawn of the Industrial Revolution he saw in the machine not merely the maker of more goods but the creator of a new social order, the "industrial-scientific" society, with new classes, new values, and new objectives. In his famous "Parable" Saint-Simon observed that if France suddenly lost its leading scientists, technicians, artists, and industrialists it would quickly fall "into a state of despicable weakness." But if it suddenly lost its officials, its nobles, and courtiers it would not suffer "the least inconvenience." According to Mr. Manuel, Saint-Simon was "an inventor of ideas," whose task was to educate the public to an appreciation of the values of an industrial society.

THE pattern of the industrial society conceived by the "Founder of the Industrail Doctrine" is difficult to present coherently. Mr. Manuel has done it not only well but with an engaging frankness of criticism and appreciation. In brief, high productivity was the very heart of Saint-Simon's "system," and the problem was how to attain it. His plan was to organize the nation as a vast industrial workshop, with the people divided into hierarchic groups according to their capacity to work. No idlers of any sort were to be tolerated. At the summit of the "system" was to be a ruling élite composed of businessmen and scientists; industry and science, notably physics, were now, according to Saint-Simon, closely related because the expansion of production depended on technological invention. Bankers, too, were of the élite; their prime function was to make loans to industry, not to the Government as heretofore. Saint-Simon visualized a planned economy directed not by the Government but by industrialists, scientists, and bankers. Private property was to be maintained but in a manner most favorable to greater production. Because he was convinced that the industrialists of the various nations had common interests Saint-Simon recommended as part of his "system" the federation of Western Europe. This new Grand Design was to be initiated by the union of France and England, the most industrially advanced nations. Western Europe is now trying hard to do this very thing.

His scheme for the distribution of the wealth produced was likewise unique. It was to be based on his famous principle "to each according to his capacity, and to each capacity according to the work it accomplishes." Equality meant equality of opportunity for everyone to develop whatever capacity he had. Class conflict between the more and the less fortunate would thus be eliminated in his "system," the pivot of which was, according to Saint-Simon, the amelioration of the lot of "the poorest and most numerous class." *Messieurs les ouvriers* would then, he hoped, be content.

This prophet of a new society regarded politics as of minor importance. Political liberty, the rights of man, and forms of government had little meaning for him. He excoriated the Liberals of his day as glib phrasemakers concerned with the unrealities of politics. The Saint-Simonian state was "withered" into a purely administrative body, whose chief function was to coordinate the economic activities of the nation.

HOW was the "system" to be established? Though a revolutionist in ideas Saint-Simon was strongly opposed to popular uprisings. He believed that ideas were the most powerful of weapons provided there was freedom to propagandize. To avoid the birth pangs of the new order Saint-Simon appealed to the King to use his power to usher in his "system" quickly and peacefully. Once established it would mark "the end of revolution and the salvation of man," the final goal of all history.

Saint-Simon was a crank dominated by one idea, the "universal gravitation" of all historic phenomena toward a unitary social order. But he was a crank of genius, who became a seminal force in the history of social thought. He ardently believed that the Golden Age was in the future and that it lay primarily in the perfection of the social order. Imbedded within much of his writings that was fantastic, extravagant, and even ridiculous were kernels of originality and practical sense. Because of what Mr. Manuel calls Saint-Simon's "oracular ambiguity and suggestiveness" he succeeded "in grasping a whole aspect of social evolution in a phrase, in striking a slogan which ultimately penetrated everywhere on the Continent."

According to the author, Saint-Simon's views became the "semi-official ideology of the Second Empire." His disciples were prominent in the great industrial upsurge of the period: the brothers Péreire, who founded banks to aid industry; Enfantin, the railway administrator; Chevalier, the French author of the reciprocity treaty of 1860 with Britain; and de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal. This "historic midwife" of the new industrialism anticipated what has been called "technocracy" and the "managerial revolution." It would not be far-fetched to say that in his emphasis on high productivity as a means of advancing the welfare of the masses Saint-Simon was a forerunner of the American industrialists of the twentieth century. Henry Ford was a Saint-Simonian without being aware of it.

Mr. Manuel has written a masterly portrait of Saint-Simon as a person and as a thinker. His book promises to be the definitive biography of the French social philosopher.

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Stalking the Mind

"Heaven and Hell," by Aldous Huxley *(Harper. 103 pp. $2), contains the indefatigable Mr. Huxley's own explanations and/or anticipations of a few interesting methods of penetrating the darker recesses of the human mind. Our reviewer is Professor Robert Bierstedt of City College of New York.*

By Robert Bierstedt

THE title of Aldous Huxley's latest work is "Heaven and Hell," and by heaven and hell he means those visionary experiences which reside in the inner recesses of the human mind, some of which are blissful, others infernal. In spite of centuries of psychology the mind is as yet an unmapped planet, containing dark continents and menacing seas, equatorial deserts and polar wastes. "Like the giraffe and the duckbilled platypus," writes Mr. Huxley, "the creatures inhabiting these remoter regions of the mind are exceedingly improbable. Nevertheless, they exist, they are facts of observation; and as such they cannot be ignored by anyone who is honestly trying to understand the world in which he lives."

How does one get to the antipodes of his own mind and see the wallabies lurking there? Huxley describes various possibilities, two of which are carbon dioxide and the stroboscopic lamp. He suggests, for example, that long suspensions of breath lead to increased concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood, which lowers the efficiency of the brain and encourages the entry of visions into consciousness. This is the secret of yoga breathing exercises and it is the explanation of the chanting of medicine men, the psalm-singing and sutra-intoning of Christian and Buddhist monks, and the interminable shouting of revivalists. All this carbon dioxide inhibits the functioning of something Huxley calls the "cerebral reducing valve" until it will "admit biologically useless material" (*i.e.*, without survival value) from something else called "Mind-at-Large." The rhythms of the stroboscopic lamp have a similar effect. Unfortunately, Huxley's "cerebral reducing valve" is as much a lunge toward the unknown as was Descartes's pineal gland, a gland to which the great French philosopher imputed a comparable purpose but which was at least an apprehensible entity.

So, on the ground of safety and reliability, two other methods for transporting consciousness are more favorably recommended by Mr. Huxley. One of these is mescalin (or lysergic acid) and the other is hypnosis, with mescalin having the edge in terms of longer range and deeper penetration. The visionary experiences induced in these two ways have several regular features, the most important of which are brilliant illumination and an almost preternaturally intense color. Other things, too, crowd the canvas of the mind: geometrical forms, landscapes, architectural patterns, heroic figures (Blake's Seraphim), fabulous animals, exquisite jewels, precious metals, even pyrotechnical displays. These visions have often been rendered into literature, both secular and religious, and they are adumbrated, too, in art. Sometimes they transform themselves into utter horror, as in Van Gogh's late landscapes, in Kafka's stories, in Géricault and Goya, and in a clinical history of a young girl's journey into madness. For that matter, Dante's "Inferno" is psychologically true.

All of which leads Mr. Huxley to some interesting observations. When we die, he says, some of us will shuttle back and forth between the heaven of blissful vision and the hell of horrible vision. Some few of us will be vouchsafed a glimpse of "the unbearable splendor of ultimate Reality." Most of us will wind up in a kind of Swedenborgian mediumistic world. And finally there is "an experience, beyond time, of union with the divine Ground."

Mescalin, anyone?

—*Ralph Steiner.*

Aldous Huxley—". . . mescalin, anyone?"

The Zigzag Path

"The Transformations of Man," by Lewis Mumford *(Harper. 249 pp. $3.50), is a well-known modern social critic's latest effort to forestall modern man's potential dehumanization. Here it is reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun, author of "Europe in Evolution" and "The Survey of European Civilization."*

By Geoffrey Bruun

IT was all but inevitable that Lewis Mumford's name would appear among the distinguished contributors to that series of books which is known to the reading public as "World Perspectives." His volume forms the seventh in this rapidly growing series, a series, as Dr. Ruth Nanda Anshen explains in an editorial introduction, that "is planned to gain insight into the meaning of man, who is not only determined by history but who also determines history."

The relation of man to his history, culture, and environment has absorbed Mr. Mumford's attention for over thirty years. Implicit or explicit in all his writing, from "The Story of Utopias" to his recently completed tetralogy "The Renewal of Life," it is the central concept about which he ranges his thoughts and establishes his values. Now in "The Transformations of Man" he applies this concept to obtain new insights into the past, present, and the possible future of the human race.

Those people who like to classify books will not find "The Transformations of Man" an easy book with which to do so. In a narrow sense it could be described as an outline of human progress from the ape man to the atom bomb. But it would be equally just to call it a collection of socio-cultural essays or a drama of man in search of himself or, without exaggeration, a philosophy of history.

Mr. Mumford construes man's history as a slow ascent by zigzag routes toward a still unachieved plateau of self-realization and self-fulfilment. Of the nine chapter heads in the book—Animal Into Human, Archaic Man, Civilized Man, Axial Man, Old World Man, New World Man, Post-Historic Man, World Culture, and Human Prospects—the first six identify stages man has already surmounted. The last three are prefigurements. The "New World Man" of today is being rapidly dehumanized by his machines into the "Post-Historic Man" of tomorrow. But

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Tomoko Nakabayashi of the Maidens

TOMOKO NAKABAYASHI, one of the Hiroshima Maidens, died last week. Her heart stopped following a surgical operation. Two previous operations on her arms had freed the restricted movements caused by injuries sustained during the atomic bombing. This third operation was for the purpose of removing some scar tissue. It was perhaps one of the most minor operations of any of the 115 performed so far on the twenty-five Maidens.

Fifteen months ago in Hiroshima, when the girls were being selected for the trip to the United States, Tomoko's father urged her to present herself for consideration. She had no facial disfiguration, as did most of the other Maidens, and she was reluctant to fill one of the places in the quota of twenty girls set for the project. She yielded to her father's urging, at least to the extent of submitting herself for examination by the American doctors who had come to Hiroshima to do the screening.

The doctors told Tomoko they believed they might be able to restore the full use of her arms and hands. Besides, the quota was being enlarged to twenty-five; every girl who was physically fit would be able to make the journey. Tomoko qualified and her parents were overjoyed.

Even after the Maidens arrived in the United States, however, Tomoko Nakabayashi seemed self-conscious and uncertain. She wore long gloves to conceal the injuries to her hands and arms. And she was troubled. She spoke about her concern to Helen Yokoyama, the nurse-interpreter-confidante-chaperon who accompanied the girls from Hiroshima.

"What I still don't understand," she told Mrs. Yokoyama, "is why the Americans are doing all this. Back in Japan I was told that the Americans have a guilty feeling about dropping the atomic bomb and that this is the only reason."

Mrs. Yokoyama said that, while many Americans felt deeply about the horrors of atomic warfare, this was not the only reason for the project. They were helping the girls because they believed it was in their power to do so.

Tomoko was still troubled.

"But this is not their duty," she said. "The Americans take me into their homes and treat me as though I belonged to their family. It is not their duty to do so. It is not the duty of Americans to give me expensive medical and surgical treatment. Why do they want to do this?"

"Suppose," Helen Yokoyama said, "that some people have a philosophy of life which enables them to regard all human beings as belonging to a single family. Even though they might not actually know each other, even though they might live thousands of miles apart, they might still believe in their closeness to one another and in their duty to one another. The same love that members of a family feel for one another can be felt by these people for all others, especially for those who are terribly in need of help. Is this not possible?"

"You mean that these people are helping me because they love me?"

"I believe they do," Helen replied.

"Perhaps they really do," Tomoko said. "But I am not sure that I can love them. I was brought up to believe that these people were our enemies. And the war ended for us in a way that made it difficult for that feeling to change. No; I am afraid I cannot return the love. It is difficult enough to try to accept it."

In the various early meetings the Hiroshima Maidens held by themselves Tomoko held her restraint even when most of the others spoke enthusiastically of their experiences in Quaker homes. Some of the girls, in fact, asked Mrs. Yokoyama what might be done to make Tomoko less unbending and serious.

But as the months passed Tomoko's skepticism and uncertainty began to fade. When the girls had their reunion she appeared less reluctant to talk of the interesting things that were happening to her. And when, after her first operation, she knew that she would have the full use of her arms again her entire outlook seemed to brighten.

Tomoko had a natural artistic flair, especially in the field of fashion design. Walter and Pauline Bishop, her American "parents," enrolled her in courses in design and were delighted when school officials confirmed the fact that Tomoko had considerable talent. They said she was one of the most promising students to come to their attention in a long time. Later the Parsons School of Design offered Tomoko a scholarship that would run into 1957 and advised Tomoko to plan to pursue her studies beyond graduation, perhaps in Paris.

TOMOKO'S parents gave their enthusiastic approval. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop were joyous at the prospect of having Tomoko continue to stay with them. And Tomoko herself, by this time more confident and outgoing—Tomoko, who had long since discarded her long gloves—could hardly believe her good fortune. She was no longer troubled by her early uncertainties. When she went into the hospital for the second operation on her arm she told Mrs. Yokoyama that she felt a totally new personality had been hidden inside her and was only now coming to life.

"I think maybe the reason I felt the way I did when I first came here was because I had never before known real happiness. And it is not difficult to love the Bishops. It is difficult not to."

The second operation was completely successful. Not only was any remaining rigidity removed but the long ridge of discolored flesh on one arm was now hardly visible. There remained an unimportant white scar

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on the inside of her right forearm.

The change in Tomoko brought joy to the other Maidens. Her relationships with the group were now completely relaxed and unreserved. She came to the regular reunions to share her enthusiasms instead of apprehensions. Meanwhile she had won a reputation among the girls for sound and responsible judgments. When, only a few weeks ago, it came time for the girls to elect new officers Tomoko was one of the two chosen as co-spokesman.

The affection and admiration of the Maidens for Tomoko was clearly visible. One night three weeks ago Dr. William Hitzig, medical advisor to the project, arranged to take the girls and their American "parents" to a baseball game at Ebbets Field between the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants.

Also accompanying the group were Dr. Iwac Kurokawa, a medical official from Hiroshima who was in New York on a brief assignment, the two Japanese surgeons from Hiroshima who are now attached to the project, Dr. M. Fujii and Dr. Sadam Takahashi. At dinner before the game much of the conversation revolved around Tomoko. Like the Bishops, Tomoko was a totally dedicated Dodger fan. Whether this influenced the other girls or not it is difficult to say, but it is a fact that all but two or three of the girls rooted for Brooklyn.

Along about the eighth inning I heard Tomoko squeal with delight, touching off an explosion of laughter in the section of the stands where the girls sat. I turned around and asked Tomoko what had happened.

Again the squeal of delight.

"We have just asked Dr. Kurokawa which team he is rooting for and he said the Yankees!"

Several days later, when Tomoko came to the hospital for a routine checkup, she told Mrs. Yokoyama that she felt that perhaps she ought to have another operation to remove the white scar on the inside of her arm. Dr. Bernard E. Simon, who, with Dr. Sidney Kahn, has been associated with Dr. Arthur J. Barsky in the surgical project, told Tomoko he would be glad to perform the minor surgery required if she really desired it. She thought about it for several days and then decided that she did.

The day before the operation she checked in at the hospital. She seemed somewhat pale and when the other girls asked how she felt she admitted to some pain but insisted that nothing be said about it to anyone.

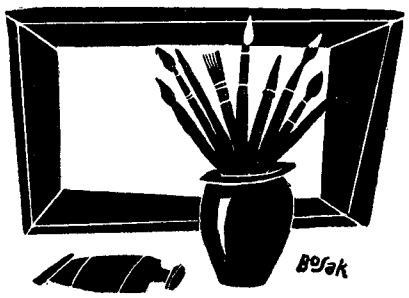
The morning of the operation she said she felt fine. The operation began early in the afternoon. At 3:45 P.M. I received a call from the hospital asking that I come up immediately. Tomoko was in a respirator in the recovery room at Mt. Sinai. I looked through the slightly opened door and saw a battery of doctors and nurses around the long steel-and-glass tubular device in which Tomoko lay. I could see Dr. Simon, Dr. Hitzig, Dr. Fujii, Dr. Takahashi, and four or five other doctors whose names I did not know. Among the half-dozen nurses working around the respirator I saw little Lonnie Miller, who has been the project nurse and who is deeply loved by the girls.

Dr. Simon came outside. He said that something terrible had happened, that Tomoko had stopped breathing just after the operation but that the mechanical lung of the respirator was now keeping her going. Everything human and scientific that could be done for her in a great hospital was now being done.

A few minutes later Dr. Hitzig came out to explain more fully. Technically it was a case of "heart arrest under anesthesia." In such a case the surgeons have but a few minutes to open the chest wall and work directly on the heart. This they had done, massaging it until it had started its beat again, supplementing their action with a defibrillator, a device that helps electrically to activate the heart.

For almost six hours the doctors worked over Tomoko and kept watch over her. Nurses who were scheduled to go off duty at 4 P.M. begged to be allowed to stay. On the top of the respirator was a gauge with its black arm swinging inside a narrow range. Underneath the respirator were the bellows, making it possible for Tomoko to receive the oxygen.

DURING these six hours there was much to think about—Tomoko herself and her parents in Hiroshima; about the effect, if the worst happened, on the surgeons who had labored through 115 operations so far without a single hitch; about the effect on the people of Japan, who had indicated so much responsive interest in the entire project, and, finally, about the effect on the other Maidens in the hospital and in homes throughout the metropolitan area. There were now only some twenty operations remaining. What would happen if the girl scheduled next for an operation were to decline? Would the entire project collapse? But even more insistent was the thought that kept coming back to me —that I had started in motion something that resulted in what was now happening to Tomoko.



All this time various specialists kept going in and out. Miss Miller, looking frail and fatigued, came out. She said she did not know, that no one knew or could tell, that the heart was still beating, very irregularly, and that Tomoko's body was fighting back as hard as it could.

At 7:30 Father Gerald Keohane, of St. Francis de Sales, arrived to administer the last rites.

At twenty minutes past nine I opened the door and looked in. The bellows were still going and the black hand in the indicator was moving slightly. Dr. Simon was standing over the respirator. Then he looked up and shook his head. After another minute the indicator stopped.

Dr. Fujii came out, his arm around Dr. Barsky. Dr. Takahashi put his arms around Dr. Simon and Dr. Hitzig. I went down the hall and telephoned Walter Bishop at home. Then I sent a long cable to the parents in Hiroshima and to individuals in Japan who were cooperating in the project. Dr. Barsky, Dr. Hitzig, and Dr. Simon, in collaboration with hospital officials, drew up the official statement concerning the cause of death. Helen Yokoyama went downstairs to tell the other girls.

The next morning I returned to the hospital to see the Maidens who were recuperating from their various operations. Their grief was great but so was their compassion. I had come to console them but it was they who did the consoling. And they wanted the doctors to know how deeply concerned they were for the suffering felt by them. Atsuko Yamamoto kept saying over and over that they knew it could not be helped and that we must not worry about them. Shigeko Niimoto was writing to the doctors and to the Quaker parents.

The girl whose name was next on the schedule for surgery was Masako Kanabe. Masako arrived at the hospital with her little suitcase. She went up to Helen Yokoyama. She asked Helen to inform the doctors that she was ready—immediately, if they wished, to have her operation. And please tell the doctors, she said, that there wasn't a girl who didn't feel the same.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

S-Fer TOO SERIOUS?

PERHAPS WHAT SHOCKED me the most in "Science-Fiction and the Opinion of the Universe" [*SR* May 12] was John W. Campbell's assertion that "science-fiction's fundamental purpose is to make accurate, loose prophecies of general trends." Here all these years I've been of the opinion that science-fiction's primary purpose is to entertain the reader.

DAVID MARSHALL MASSARO.

Cleveland, O.

MUTUAL AID?

ACCORDING TO modern biology, cooperation —not a "cold-blooded," "emotionless" beast-struggle—is the key to successful survival.

ARNOLD SCHILDKRIT.

Easton, Pa.

HACK WORK

WHY DIDN'T Campbell answer the charge —that science-fiction is "smug, dogmatic, cartoonish, and aberrant in various intellectual and psychological ways"? Here is a literature where distinguished scientists fly into petty tantrums, where all the personal and national ambitions of today—projected twenty centuries into the future—are merely dressed up with "lines of force," "space continuums," "time warps," "curved universes," etc. It's just hack work.

ALLEN CAPLAN.

New York, N. Y.

CAN THE GIRL HANDLE THE SHIP?

SCIENCE-FICTION seems to ignore morality and religion as irrelevant. For example, why couldn't the stowaway girl have been given hasty instruction in landing the emergency dispatch ship by the young pilot, who then sacrificed himself for his fellow man as men have been doing for thousands of years? Let's remember that Thomas Edison himself predicted numerous discoveries to be made in the realm of human relationships which seem to be totally neglected by S-F authors.

REV. D. G. REID,
Presbyterian Church.

Sutherland, Neb.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of "The Cold Equations" made it clear in his story that the controls of the EDS were too complicated for the girl to learn in a short time. Either she died or the whole ship crashed.*

AUTHORITARIAN FICTION

ALL authoritarians indulge in occasional blood-sacrifice in order to preserve themselves or their regimes, justifying themselves by crying how much more important are the masses and their great schemes than is any individual. This is the antithesis of the spiritual inheritance of Western man, be he scientist or layman. The notion degrades the spirit of science.

DONALD R. OSTBERG,
Department of mathematics, University of California.

Berkeley, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

". . . and another thing, Herr Mozart. Don't bring Wolfgang back here until he's ready to do his music *my* way!"

U.S.A.'s POTENTIALITY

I HAVE READ M. H. Trytten's article comparing the educational programs in the U. S. and USSR [*SR* Mar. 24]. It recalled to me certain statements made by Albert Einstein. First, he said that you cannot pay (or order) someone to be inventive or creative. This is brought about only by a genuine desire, separated from any particular end. Mainly individuals must be allowed to pursue their own paths. Secondly, he said that it is the supreme duty of the teacher to inspire his pupils. Also, that knowledge is limited and only genuine desire and imagination are the real foundation for all scientific progress.

Certainly our educational program does not fill all these requirements, but neither does the one in the USSR. But it also appears that of the two our system has the greater potentiality.

JERRAL CASTELL.

San Francisco, Calif.

HIRE A PROFESSIONAL

WHAT ROBERT GESSNER ["Shall We Close That Circuit," *SR* May 19] fails to see is that TV professionals can make entertainers out of department heads, producers out of full professors, and directors out of instructors. Let the TV professor teach as he would do in his classroom, with the visual aids that he would normally use. Then hire a television director with imagination who has a firm grip of both his craft and art. Let him make it television—the television director and instructor as a team. The director will make it alive. He will give it its personal "contact." The director won't teach the subject material, and we don't expect the professor to direct the program.

RICHARD SAINTE,
CBS Television.

New York, N. Y.

TV'S NO SHORT-CUT

PLEASE, MR. GESSNER, let us not continue to perpetuate the belief that all a teacher need do is cut down an old fifty-minute lecture to twenty-nine minutes to accommodate the television clock.

A recent study made here revealed that from six to thirty-two hours were expended in producing an original unit of educational television programming. Into this endeavor went varying amounts of preparation time for script outlining, procuring film clips, conferences with the television technical staff, on-camera rehearsal, assembling instructional props, preparation of handbooks and syllabi for credit courses, transportation to the studio of persons and props, answering communications from televiewing students, conducting tests and reading papers submitted by those enrolled for credit, evaluation of effectiveness, and many other time and effort consuming activities ending with the final product: a half-hour television program.

PAUL LUTZEIER,
Wayne University.

Detroit, Mich.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

New Stars Icumen In

AS REVUES go "The Littles. Revue," currently at the Phoenix Theatre, is amusing, pleasant, and tuneful. The eight-character cast launches the evening unpretentiously with a lampoon of a backer's audition. As the charade moves along we are surprised at the unobtrusiveness of Ogden Nash's lyrics to the (mostly) Vernon Duke score, with such combinations as "Phoenix" and "calistheenics" in the minority. The percentage of sketches that spoof show-business itself is high. The best of these is a Brooklyn version of "Anastasia," with Charlotte Rae enormously droll as a poor-man's Eugenie Leontovitch. There are also pokes at off-Broadway theatregoing, Robert Coleman, Orson Welles (wheeled by Jean Dalrymple), the cliché of Tinker Bell in "Peter Pan," Noel Coward on TV ("It's madness and sadness and badness in one rumpled bed after another, but it has been fun") and Helen Traubel's highfalutin-gal-gone-rowdy routine impersonated beautifully by Miss Rae. There are other skits that concern the old Brevoort Hotel, the power of positive thinking, the U.N., and a stunning one-line blackout in which a kept woman interrupts her lovemaking long enough to deliver a grateful commercial on behalf of a New York newspaper. This punch-line is delivered superbly by Tammy Lee Grimes. Miss Grimes also does the Beaver Country Day School proud by the throaty way in which she sings "Madly in Love," the show's catchiest tune.

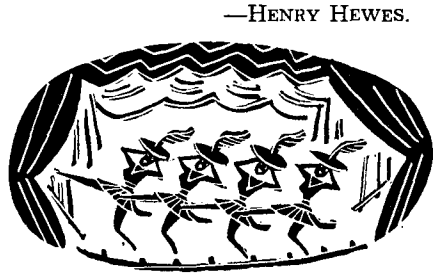
But the distinction of "The Littlest Revue" is the work of Miss Rae. Her delicately sung tale of love, infidelity, and revenge described with geometric similes in the folk-air manner is the best thing of its kind since Vivienne Segal sang "To Keep My Love Alive" in Rodgers and Hart's "The Connecticut Yankee." Likewise her simple, effortless rendition of the Vernon Duke-John La Touche favorite "Summer Is Icumen In" (originally from "The Lady Comes Across," 1941) is just right for a lightweight May revue.

Apart from the contributions of the Misses Rae and Grimes, and of Larry Storch, who handles comedy well, the cast consists of personable but not demonstrably talented young people. The cumulative effect of their cheerfully innocuous efforts is a show that seems overlong. Why do producers feel a traditional compulsion to interlard their good numbers with nominal entertainment that is smooth, chic, and empty? One excellent idea, a salute to the late Third Avenue El, is lost because of a cool, unimaginative performance. Comparisons between "The Littlest Revue" and "Phoenix 55" are inevitable and one must acknowledge that the impact of this year's offering is the littlest of the two. Yet the current revue offers better tunes, and in Charlotte Rae and Tammy Lee Grimes introduces not one but two performers of Alice Ghostley or Nancy Walker potential.

IN ADAPTING Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" into an opera Bernard Stambler and Robert Ward have deliberately removed the *fin-de-siècle* mysticism that made the play the "Waiting for Godot" of its day. Instead, the opera titled **"Pantaloon"** becomes a down-to-earth story about a gentleman-turned-clown who straightens out a romance in a traveling circus. Mr. Stambler's new ending contains a touch of Rodgers and Hammerstein philosophy as the clown sheds his costume for a business-suit and exits singing, "Here I've learned a great truth: that in this world no man can do much to help others and less still to help himself. But what he can do he must do."

Mr. Ward's music seems generally appropriate to the story, although much of the recitative is unintelligible as sung. In the third act the composers surprise us by moving away from the traditional operatic forms to give us a folk-song, a tango, and a Gilbert-and-Sullivanesque patter-number with such ingenuous rhymes as "he can see" and "decency." As produced by the Columbia University Workshop at the Juilliard School of Music the total effect is diffuse, with the plot details bursting in one after another rather than in a poetic pattern integrated in the mind of the clown. While "Pantaloon" contains a great deal of competent and intelligent work, it emerges as a not-exciting-enough attempt to adapt a great European play to the American musical stage.

—HENRY HEWES.



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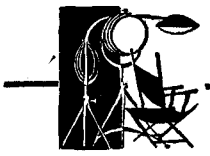

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Quest of Captain Ahab

Gregory Peck—". . . communicate[s] his obsession to the crew."

JOHN HUSTON, probably one of the three or four best film directors roaming the seas and continents these days, has worked long and hard at making Melville's "Moby Dick" into an exciting and accomplished movie. Mr. Huston has already shown that he can approach an American classic work of fiction with respect, having done so with the consistently underrated "The Red Badge of Courage," a movie which may have been trimmed, cut, and mangled, but which still possessed most of the flavor and quality of the original. This is saying a good deal when one considers how free a hand Hollywood assumes it has when dealing with important works in other forms. In **"Moby Dick,"** too, there is much of the flavor of the book, although it has been tailored to get it into dramatic shape. Mr. Huston has seen the work as allegory and fantasy, principally, and while some painstaking research has obviously gone into the details of costuming, period atmosphere, and the art of whaling (*circa* 1841), the people of the story are seen as symbolic and larger than life.

No one has ever been able to say definitely what Captain Ahab's quest of the great white whale symbolized. We assume it was Evil, that Ahab was committed to perpetrating some monstrous blasphemy, and just as foreboding hangs continually over the pages of the novel so is this foreboding worked into the movie texture. To achieve it foreshortening and transposition of incidents seemed required—after all, a movie must move, and there was little time for the kind of reflection and brooding Melville indulged in. But Melville's speculations, his extraordinary descriptions of the habits and habitats of whales and other sea creatures, had a place in the structure of his work. He saw in these great creatures some primal life-force asserting itself, and the fatal ambition of Ahab can be glimpsed only in this context. As Maxwell Geismar once put it, Ahab, through his plan to track down and destroy the white whale, really "wants, as it were, to destroy the principle of life itself, which is beyond good and evil."

How get this theme into a movie, two dramatized hours into which are compressed the many layers of the novel? The truth of the matter is that it hasn't altogether been done, although Huston and his co-scenarist, Ray Bradbury, have come close. The quest of the white whale is seen, almost from the beginning, as strange and tainted. Ahab is an obsessed man, but one with the ability to communicate his obsession to the crew—all but Starbuck, the chief mate, who knows that some immutable principle is being challenged. It is both practical and honorable, in Starbuck's view, to kill the fantastic creatures for a useful purpose. But to try to punish God through a dumb brute? "To be enraged with a dumb thing, Captain Ahab," says Starbuck, "seems blasphemous."

But Ahab, the madman, sees only the inscrutable malice of this whale. He has gone beyond reason to do battle with the universe itself, a universe that seems, at times, maliciously destructive. Once Ishmael, Queequeg, Starbuck have been introduced the stage belongs to Captain Ahab. And here, I think, some odd distortion has been introduced into the story pattern. One should be aware of the magnilo-

quence of Ahab's struggle. His essential madness should be more apparent. After all, in reality Moby Dick *is* a vicious and crafty old leviathan, who has killed and maimed dozens of seamen in his long career. Therefore—as we see it—he is the proper object of any honest whaler's hatred. It is Ahab's solitary distinction, however, to have projected the great creature's personality into a cosmic principle: the Accident and Misfortune that lie in wait for every man all his life long. Although Huston's effort is every bit as frank as Melville was in exposing the blasphemy in this idea, the intellectual subtleties of Ahab's obsession were too much for the screen. But this is only to note that a sprawling, tormented masterpiece of a novel is not the same thing as a movie, no matter how brilliant and candid.

AS FAR as casting the principals for his sea saga, Mr. Huston was probably in error to choose Gregory Peck for Ahab. The captain with an ivory stump for a leg was a man of fifty-eight or so, and prematurely old for those years. Peck's make-up for his role is expert, but the force needed for conviction is seldom present. Richard Basehart makes an appealing Ishmael, and Leo Genn a hardly more than adequate Starbuck. Orson Welles is superb and controlled in the small, mood-setting role of Father Mapple. In the minor roles no one really stands out compellingly.

One must notice, too, that some incidents have been changed, perhaps necessarily, but perhaps too much in the interests of simplicity and directness. Thus, when Queequeg asks the ship's carpenter to build him a coffin it is done from foreboding and not because he was near death of a fever. Nor is it explained he had the quaint notion that a coffin was a sort of canoe. The death of Captain Ahab also occurs differently than in the original. But I will not quarrel with what has been done in this case. The result is striking and does not violate the spirit of Melville's ending.

One may carp and quarrel endlessly with what Huston has done, depending upon how much of a purist one is, or wishes to be, but Huston's re-creation of perhaps this most monumental of American novels is a kind of monumental work in itself. And while some of the whaling sequences involve the real thing, one can hardly fail to be impressed with the infernal contraption Huston had built to represent Moby Dick—a monster of plastic, motors, and electronic gadgets—but a most convincing and destructive beast of the sea nevertheless.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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The Director

A FEW weeks ago John Huston strode into his suite at the St. Regis with a broad smile on his face. He had just shown the first print of "Moby Dick" to a small group of friends that included Billy Pearson, the noted jockey-cum-art authority, his agent Paul Kohner, and his stepmother, the wife of the late Walter Huston. Their reaction obviously made him feel wonderful. There was no back-slapping or "great little picture you've got there." The entire entourage simply collapsed into chairs while Huston paced the room taking orders for drinks and repeating happily, "It's good, isn't it"—and forgot from one minute to the next that Mrs. Huston wanted tea, not Irish whisky. Huston, a tall, lean, rather stoop-shouldered man with a froggish face and graying hair, had just returned to New York after almost three years in Ireland and England—a year to research and write the script (with science-fiction author Ray Bradbury), another year for the shooting, six months on his estate in Ireland cutting and shaping the film, and another six months spent in scoring it and processing the combined color and black-and-white negatives that give his picture the extraordinary quality of painted steel engravings.

"Our biggest problem," he said, lighting a long brown cigarette, "was to turn Melville's expositional passages into characteristic dialogue. We had decided at the outset that our picture was going to be as close to the original novel as we could possibly make it—barring, of course, certain scatological references to the whale itself. But while 'Moby Dick' has some tremendous action sequences it has little actual plot. For dramatic purposes we had to make some changes in Melville's construction, like transposing the scene in which Starbuck attempts to kill Ahab to the sequence that begins, 'It's a mild, mild day.' Or combining a number of scenes in the book into the one we call 'the chart scene,' the one in which Ahab reveals to Starbuck his plan and purpose in following the white whale." "But most difficult of all," he continued, "was putting into dialogue the basic conflict between Starbuck and Ahab, the concept that 100 years or so ago whaling was actually considered a holy mission, bringing back oil for the lamps of the world. Ray and I tried to be as faithful to the meaning of the book as our own understanding and the special demands of the movie medium would allow." "And by that," he added with a smile, "I *don't* mean a love interest. There wasn't a woman in the book, and there are none in our picture."

SHOOTING began over two years ago in the tiny Irish port town of Youghal (pronounced "yawl"), where the entire waterfront was made over to look like New Bedford in the 1840s. The British Isles were scoured for ships to be rigged in the style of the period and tied up at its wharves and docks. A 110-foot squarerigger was re-equipped as the *Pequod* (and

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CAPTAIN AHAB: "He looked like a man cut away from the stake, when the fire has overrunningly wasted all the limbs without consuming them, or taking away one particle from their compacted aged robustness. His whole high, broad form seemed made of solid bronze, and shaped in an unalterable mold, like Cellini's cast Perseus. Threading its way out from among his gray hairs, and continuing right down one side of his tawny scorched face and neck, till it disappeared in his clothing, you saw a slender rod-like mark, lividly whitish. . . . So powerfully did the whole grim aspect of Ahab affect me, and the livid brand which streaked it, that for the first few moments I hardly noted that not a little of this overbearing grimness was owing to the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood. . . . There was an infinity of firmest fortitude, a determinate, unsurrenderable wilfulness, in the fixed and fearless, forward dedication of that glance. Not a word he spoke; nor did his officers say aught to him; though by all their minutest gestures and expressions they plainly showed the uneasy, if not painful, consciousness of being under a troubled master-eye. And not only that, but moody Ahab stood before them with a crucifixion in his face; in all the nameless regal overbearing dignity of some mighty woe."

STARBUCK: "He was a long, earnest man, and though born on an icy coast, seemed well adapted to endure hot latitudes, his flesh being hard as twice-baked biscuit. . . . Only some thirty arid summers had he seen; those summers had dried up all his physical superfluousness. But this, his thinness, so to speak seemed no more the token of wasting anxieties and cares than it seemed the indication of any bodily blight. It was merely the condensation of the man. He was by no means ill-looking; quite the contrary. His pure tight skin was an excellent fit; and closely wrapped up in it, and embalmed with inner health and strength, like a revivified Egyptian, this Starbuck seemed prepared to endure for long ages to come, and to endure always, as now; for be it Polar snow or torrid sun, like a patient chronometer, his interior vitality was warranted to do well in all climates. Looking into his eyes, you seemed to see there the yet lingering images of those thousand-fold perils he had calmly confronted through life."

FATHER MAPPLE: "He had been a sailor and a harpooneer in his youth, but for many years past had dedicated his life to the ministry. . . . Father Mapple was in the hardy winter of a healthy old age; that sort of old age which seems merging into a second flowering youth, for among the fissures of his wrinkles there shone certain mild gleams of a newly developing bloom—the spring verdure peeping forth even beneath February's snow."

QUEEQUEG: "There was no hair on his head—none to speak of at least—nothing but a small scalp-knot twisted up on his forehead. His bald purplish head now looked for all the world like a mildewed skull. . . . (His chest and arms) were checkered with the same squares as his face; his back, too, was all over the same dark squares; he seemed to have been in a Thirty Years' War, and just escaped from it with a sticking-plaster shirt. Still more, his very legs were marked, as if a parcel of dark green frogs were running up the trunks of young palms. . . . For all his tattooings he was on the whole a clean, comely-looking cannibal."

TASHTEGO: ". . . long, lean, sable hair, his high cheek bones, and black rounding eyes—for an Indian, Oriental in their largeness, but Antarctic in their glittering expression—all this sufficiently proclaimed him an inheritor of the unvitiated blood of those proud warrior hunters who, in quest of the great New England moose, had scoured, bow in hand, the aboriginal forests of the main. . . . To look at the tawny brawn of his lithe, snaky limbs, you would almost have credited the superstitions of some of the earlier Puritans, and half believed this wild Indian to be a son of the Prince of the Powers of the Air."

STUBB: "A happy-go-lucky; neither craven nor valiant; taking perils as they came with an indifferent air; and while engaged in the most imminent crisis of the chase, toiling away, calm and collected as a journeyman joiner engaged for the year. Good-humored, easy, and careless, he presided over his whaleboat as if the most deadly encounter were but a dinner and his crew all invited guests. . . ."

PIP: "Black Little Pip. . . . On the grim *Pequod*'s forecastle, ye shall ere long see him, beating his tambourine; prelusive of the eternal time, when sent for, to the great quarterdeck on high, he was bid strike in with angels, and beat his tambourine in glory; called a coward here, hailed a hero there!"

—HERMAN MELVILLE.

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thriftily refitted later to serve as the *Rachel*). After the shooting in Ireland cast and crew sailed the *Pequod* to Madeira, where Portuguese whalers still pursue their quarry with the harpoon from open longboats. Here were filmed most of the whaling sequences and much of the terrifying storm footage that precedes the climatic encounter with Moby Dick. Throughout the storm Ahab insists on keeping all sail flying. "Three times we were sure we'd lost the *Pequod*," Huston recalls. "Sure, we could have done it in a studio—some of the shots actually were made in a studio—but there's nothing that compares with the fury of a real storm at sea. We got as much of that on film as we possibly could."

Interiors were shot at the Associated British studios at Elstree, the English version of Hollywood just outside of London. Also photographed there, in a specially constructed marine tank large enough to accommodate several boats, were some of the close-up action scenes. Moby Dick, for example, was built in several sections so that such perilous scenes as Ahab riding the monster's back or lashed to its side could be taken under relatively controlled conditions. The spectacular model work was also done in this studio, and Huston's rating of the British technicians is understandably high. But apparently it was the new color process that both pleased him the most and gave him the greatest trouble. Over the ordinary Technicolor shot of a scene is printed a black-and-white duplicate of the same shot, giving it what Huston calls a "harder texture" that can't be obtained by color alone. To secure this special texture, however, meant months of experiment and repeated visits to the laboratory for corrections and adjustment in the balance between the two negatives.

Now, in his green corduroy jacket and striped tattersal vest, Huston seemed the most relaxed man in the room. He greeted a steady stream of visitors with unreserved delight, fetching drinks for them the moment they found a seat. Whenever the telephone rang—as it did incessantly—he leaped to his feet, excused himself to his guests, and answered in his deep, jovial, slightly drawling voice. Then back to chat, to answer questions, to discuss the technical aspects of the photography with someone from a camera magazine, to enthuse about the score, which, typically, Huston had commissioned from a man who had never before written for films but whose music he admired. Plans for his next picture? "We've already started thinking about Melville's 'Typee.' Billy Pearson over there is going to play in it." Pearson, a thin little man also wearing a tattersal vest, shot a smile at him. Was he trying to start a one-man Melville revival? "Well, all I know," said Huston with a slow, winning smile, "when we left Youghal there were at least three copies of 'Moby Dick' in every home. It's a good beginning." —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Variety Is the Spice of Denmark

COPENHAGEN.

AS IMPORTANT a factor for the success of a worthwhile festival as a suitable place to perform is the development of a character individual to it. After a week in Copenhagen it becomes apparent that the special distinction of the Danish festival is variety with quality. Part of this comes from the fact that Copenhagen is a city of a million-and-a-half; that it has an engaging countryside within easy driving or riding distance (because it is a seaport you have your choice of electric trains or water transportation to several of the most attractive points); and part of it from the fact that it has a flourishing musical life, festival or no.

Thus, on a recent evening if the mood did not accord with the official festival offerings—a ballet evening in the Royal Theatre, a symphony concert featuring tenor Anton Dermota of Vienna in the Tivoli concert hall, and another orchestral program in the concert hall of the Radio House—there was the further attraction of the Robert Shaw Chorale "passing through" to give one more in a long series of programs sponsored by ANTA. Though the group of nearly sixty (it carries its own small orchestra in addition to thirty singers) had just flown in from Amsterdam at 2 P.M. it turned up in sharp concert form six hours later to sing a program centered around Bach's "Christ Lag in Todesbanden" and Schubert's G major Mass.

The Shaw concert was not a part of the official festival program, which meant that it performed in the "Odd Fellow Palaeets Store Sal" (the hall, a resonant wood and plaster structure, is not nearly so odd as the name). It meant, too, that it performed for half a hallful of listeners, the competition being what it was. But it did perform, and very well too. Like other Scandinavians, the Danes are connoisseurs where choral singing is concerned, and they gave the expert singing of the Schubert Mass a unified, rhythmic round of applause which is, apparently, the local accolade for something especially well done.

The exploitation of local resources has led to the rediscovery of Denmark's musical past, stretching back to the pre-Bach days of Dietrich Buxtehude, whose church in Elsinore (Helsingør) will be displayed at the drop of a bus ticket. A performance there, under the direction of Mogens Wøldike, of his long lost "Membra Jesu Nostri Patientis Sanctissima" is a feature of this year's festival, as is a recital by Finn Viderø on the seventeenth-century Compenius organ in the chapel of Frederiksborg Castle. This chapel is a wonderfully designed, intimate one which makes the rest of the sprawling structure something to shun. As restored by the Carlsberg Foundation (a philanthropy of the famous brewery) that rest leaves one wondering whether authentic ruins would not be better than tasteless restoration.

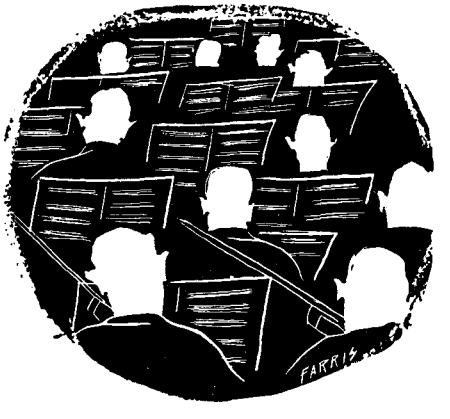
However, the beautifully designed organ (a miniature one, still powered by bellows'-boys pulling on handropes at the rear) is something worth the trip from town (thirty-odd kilometers) to hear. As its construction antedated the adoption of the tempered scale in Bach's time only pre-Bach music can be played on it. In this instance it meant mostly brief works by a dozen or so composers (including that most prolific one, Anon.) of whom Sweelinck, Rosenmüller, and Schütz were the most celebrated. The shortish, bearded, surprisingly young Viderø is an artist of the first rank and a particular master of this instrument; but a brief intermission in the hour and a half program would have been useful for those to whom most organs tend to sound alike after a little while.

FOR those unaccustomed to the established traditions of the court theatre Copenhagen's musical life offers some interesting instances of integrated effort. In two Mozart operas—"Tryllefløjten" and "Figaro Bryllup"—the incidental choreography was either designed or executed by members of the excellent Danish Royal Ballet. John Frandsen, who had the orchestra for both under tight discipline, moved over to the Radio House later in the week to direct a performance of the contemporary Vagn Holmboe's Symphony No. 7. In the same program Ruth Guldbaek, the sweet-voiced Pamina of "Magic Flute," was one of the soloists in Finn Høffding's setting of Longfellow's "The Arsenal at Springfield." In the Buxtehude program previously mentioned Miss Guldbaek was again a participant, in affiliation with Else Margrete Jeppesen (Cherubino in "Figaro"), Niels Bondo (Figaro), Else Brems (Third Lady in "Magic Flute") and Niels Brincker (who exchanged the glamorous heroics of Tamino in the "Flute" for the minor duties of Don Curzio in "Figaro").

All of this suggests that music-making in Denmark is a calling, rather than a high road to fame and riches. Not too many singers reared in its intimate theatre have passed on to wider glory, for it does not encourage the vast outpourings of sound needed for success in La Scala, Covent Garden, or the Metropolitan. Indeed, of those heard in the two operas only Kim Borg, the excellent Sorastro in "Magic Flute," has the vocal displacement to make an international career. On the other hand, this lack of strain makes for ensemble values not frequently heard elsewhere, for longer careers (thanks to singing that is easy and unforced), and for a continuity of style which makes Copenhagen a haven of delight for the Mozart enthusiast. Don't let the fact that it is sung in Danish discourage you either: good Danish by able Danes is preferable to poor English by Germans or poor German by Americans. In the words of a celebrated Dane of another time, "the play's the thing," and it is always uppermost in the minds of these performers.

As might be expected, the offerings of the Royal Danish Ballet are being subjected to special scrutiny during this festival season in view of its first American venture in September. In the light of two programs seen thus far it is clear that the company fares much better in works in which it specializes—such as the enduring "Napoli" first staged here by August Bourneville in 1942 or the closely studied "Petrouchka" put on by Fokine some years ago—rather than those (such as "Les Sylphides" or Jerome Robbins's clever adaptation of Benjamin Britten's "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra") in which it must challenge comparison with the specialties of others (Sadler's Wells or New York Ballet). This is, after all, a company with a style: it would be unfortunate to subject it to comparison with those who specialize in manner rather than style.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

How Grandfather Hit the Road

EVEN as far back as the 1700s, we've been told by a specialist in such matters, there was a general exodus to escape the "heat and the stench" of New York in summer. The stench has improved considerably, we can attest, especially if you stroll about the lovely fountain in front of the Plaza, or ride along the avenue of tulips that grow along Park Avenue, or tumble down the hill from the Henry Hudson Parkway to see the shallow arc of the George Washington Bridge glimmering in the heat haze of a summer's night. The heat, of course, hasn't improved at all, unless you can retreat into an air-conditioned Liggett's; and as far as the exodus to escape—*mon Dieu!*

To see just how New Yorkers escaped the city during the last two centuries we've been poking around the exhibits at the Museum of the City of New York, which is presenting, until September, an extravaganza called "The New Yorker Travels." From 1870 until 1890 travel was mostly by rail. The so-called "hotel car" first took to the ties in 1867, and passengers were served in the sleepers. By the next year regular diners were put aboard, and soon the railroads were outdoing each other, one of them installing a Palace Pullman equipped with two pipe organs for hymn singing. It wasn't all organ music and roses, however, because an early cartoon depicting a ride on the Hudson River Railroad, which coursed down the center of Park Avenue, had a conductor saying: "Passengers will please get their smelling bottles ready as the train is about to enter the city." The malodorous area was the tunnel between 33rd Street and 39th, which is now used for cars.

Cook's, which had been operating in England for thirty years, came to the U.S. in 1870, and one of their first brochures offered a selection of tours of the Hudson River, Niagara Falls, western and northern lakes, Colorado, the Canadian river St. Lawrence, the White Mountains, and Saratoga, not to mention steamers on Long Island Sound and visits to the mineral springs and mountains of Virginia.

Steamer trips were popular too, especially the Fall River Line, which published a giveaway paper known as *The Fall River Journal.* It carried ads for the Windsor Hotel, Saratoga Springs, "On the American Plan." The ad said "During the past season this hotel has been enlarged. Over fifty private parlors and balcony rooms with baths, etc., added; the exterior wholly rebuilt and the interior elegantly refitted and refurnished throughout." The Bath Hotel, situated at 37, 39 and 41 West 26th Street, was advising New York-bound customers that its place was "located in the most healthy part of the city." Rooms were $2.50 single, but "fire and meals in private rooms are extra."

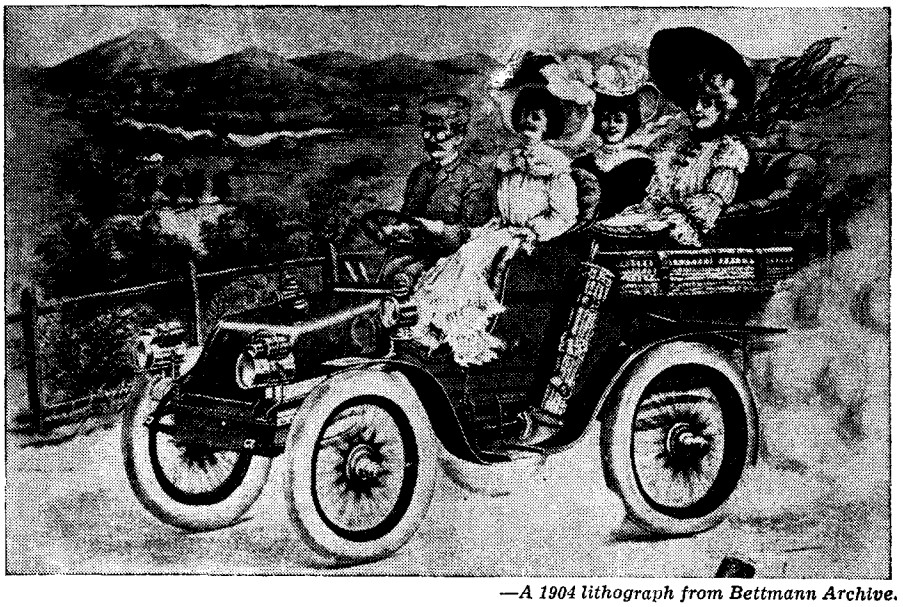
To lure the traveler of the year 1870 a poster displayed "The Grand Saloon of the World Renowned Steamers Bristol and Providence Forming the Fall River Line in connection with the others of the Fleet, namely the *Newport, Old Colony, Metropolis,* and *Empire State,* Making in Connection with the Old Colony Rail Road the Great U.S. Mail Route between New York and Boston via Newport and Fall River." Unquote.

A family outing of the day would take passengers from New York and Newark by steamboat to Locust Grove, on Gravesend Bay, thence by steam cars to Coney Island for a dip in the sea. But it was fashionable in the latter part of the nineteenth century to take a trip to Europe. Passengers of 1895 amused themselves on the ocean voyage playing ring-toss and dancing on deck to an accordion. At a time when sail was still being used to augment steam power passengers were already playing shuffleboard on deck and sitting in deck chairs of the same type used today. Sketches made by T. R. Davis on the New York docks in 1885 showed the same shambles that exist today, although there is probably considerably less searching of one's person than Mr. Davis depicted. *Harper's Weekly,* "A Journal of Civilization," in its issue of September 14, 1889, found it timely to use a cover drawing of a lady back from Paris undergoing the "ordeal of the customs' house inspectress" rummaging through her trunk.

THE earliest ships offered tremendous bills of fare, but even in 1903 the *Twentieth Century,* a crack train of that day and this, presented a menu that included Blue Points, consommé, puree of tomato soup, stuffed mangoes, celery, Queen olives, chow-chow, Pin-Money pickles, baked red snapper, broiled mushrooms on toast, sweetbreads braised with spinach, ribs of prime beef, roast chicken, peach fritters, Roman punch, roast teal duck, and seven desserts. The price of the dinner was one dollar and Lithia Polaris spring water was free.

Grill cars with counter service didn't go on the rails until the late Twenties. They served coffee (ten cents), ham sandwich (fifteen cents), and "domestic" ginger ale for a quarter. Today's grill-car prices aboard the Pennsylvania: ham sandwich, thirty-five cents; coffee in a paper cup, fifteen cents; split of domestic ginger ale, twenty cents. Reclining seats were introduced in the Thirties, making overnight rail travel possible without the cost of taking Pullman space.

These inducements were, as railroad improvements are today, an



—A 1904 lithograph from Bettmann Archive.

"En Tour"—". . . 'the little old Ford will go like the deuce'."

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effort to combat the growing interest in the automobile. A motoring party *circa* 1905 could take to the open road in an Autocar built by the Autocar Co. of Ardmore, Pa. It carried four passengers, had a "standing top," and was, so to speak, a hard-top convertible. Passengers using the tonneau entered through a door in the tail end of the car. The Autocar, with two cylinders, three speeds and reverse, and all-wood body (except for the steel engine hood), traveled at twenty-five miles an hour and cost $1,700.

The ads stressed the necessity of a car as a social necessity. An advertisement for the Lozier Touring Car in *Country Life*, May 15, 1912, read:

> To the Man of Affairs whose time is measured in big money value a motor car of the character, dignity, and power of the Lozier is indispensable. It has become an essential part of his business and the social life of his family.

A six-cylinder model cost $5,000. By 1916 an automobile advertisement was stating:

> Millions own automobiles but only the few may enjoy the luxury of the Rauch and Lang Electric—The Social Necessity.

The topically-minded men of Tin Pan Alley seized on the nation's sudden craze for cars. In 1914 C. R. Foster and Byron Gay came up with "The Little Ford Rambled Right Along." Sample lyric:

> You can . . . smash up the fender
> and rip off the tires,
> Smash up the lamps and cut out
> the wires,
> Throw in the clutch and then for-
> get the juice,
> And the little old Ford will go
> like the deuce.

Cars and love seemed a natural and obvious combination both to lovers and to songwriters. Maurice Marks and William H. Smith wrote "Take a Glide with Me," which suggested

> You talk about joys and happi-
> ness too
> But give me for pleasure that's
> real
> Just a moon and the stars and
> the smoothest of cars
> With a man you love at the wheel.

And even before that, back in 1906, Vincent Bryan and George Evans had discovered, lyrically, in a song called "Out in an Automobile" that

> You kiss and you squeeze
> As much as you please
> When you're out in an automobile.

Little old Ford began to make trimotor planes, and before the Twenties were out Transcontinental Air Transport (now TWA) together with the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Atcheson, Topeka, and Santa Fe had teamed up with a marvelous venture —coast to coast in forty-eight hours. You took a night train from New York's Pennsylvania Station to an aerodrome in Columbus, Ohio. Then you flew by day to Waynoka, Oklahoma. That night aboard the Santa Fe's train you rode to Clovis, New Mexico, boarded the Ford trimotor, and continued to Los Angeles. Elapsed time: four days. By 1934 a TWA DC-2, first of the long line of Douglas planes, had flown coast to coast in thirteen hours, an event which brought a giant crowd and a convoy of trucks bearing newsreel cameramen. DC-3s in 1935 were arranged in seven compartments with an upper and a lower in each.

CURIOUSLY enough, Colonial Air Transport, which was making twice-a-day flights between New York and Boston in 1928, was covering the distance in one hour and forty-five minutes. A DC-7B with a cruising speed of 365 miles an hour is actually hampered by the short distance, and must schedule the flight, in 1956, at fifty-eight minutes.

The speed of overseas flying was a topic in 1937 when Pan American's prognosis of 100-passenger airplanes inspired a Rollin Kirby cartoon envisioning the type of travel that was in the offing. Kirby showed a passenger at a ticket window saying, "Give me a room and bath on the 5:15 to Vienna." In the background another man bid his wife goodbye with the words, "I'll be home Friday. I'm only going as far as Amsterdam."

The speed of air travel fascinated the songwriters of another era. Dazzled by the flying time from New York to Florida, J. Fred Coots and Nick Kenny, a columnist for the New York *Daily Mirror*, sat down in 1941 and came up with a bit of musical awe entitled "From Frost to Flowers in Just Eight Hours." That was only fifteen years ago, and already the time is down to three and one-half hours aboard the new DC-7s and the upcoming jets will slice it even finer. Man still wants to go faster, and only occasionally looks back wistfully at the good old days. Like the other morning when the phone rang at the Museum and a man said he had heard all about the new exhibit about the history of travel. But what time, he wanted to know, did they serve that marvelous dinner for a dollar? —HORACE SUTTON.

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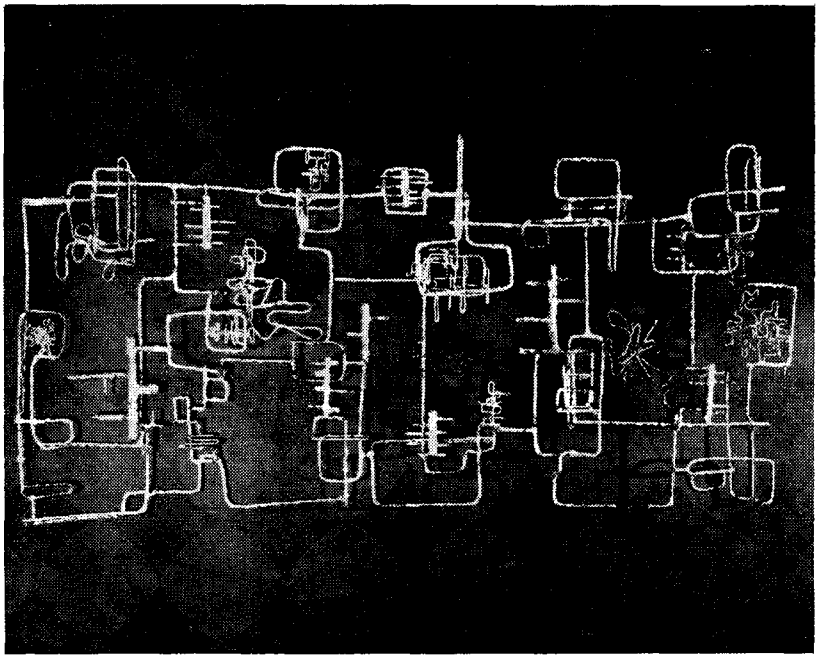
THE FINE ARTS

Twelve Americans

THE exhibition "Twelve Americans" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York until late September is the latest in a series of shows at the Museum which have presented fairly large groups of works by a limited number of newer American artists. Its director, Miss Dorothy C. Miller, points out in her foreword to the catalogue that it contrasts with the various annuals at other institutions, in which a hundred or more painters or sculptors are represented by a single work apiece. Both systems of selections have their advantages, of course. The annuals give us a chance to try to spot new talent before it is ready for more extensive display and to judge this talent in broad cross-section. Miss Miller's shows make possible a more detailed look at artists recently come to the front of the American art scene. I'd like to add right now that "Twelve Americans" affords one of the most exciting looks I can remember in a long time.

If asked to name the show's deepest point of impact I think I would mention first the high qualitative level of the sculpture section. Ever since the war it has become more and more obvious that sculpture is attracting many of our most forceful artists. The same thing has been true in England during the past ten years. Why this should be so, why Anglo-Saxon artists should suddenly have brought fresh authority to a medium we used to think reserved for Italian, French, or German hands, is a complex problem. Very likely its principal answer is that the dissemination of knowledge about art has tended to break down local barriers and to release an international idiom on which artists everywhere can draw. Perhaps Rodin was the last great sculptor who had to be French because by no other birthright was the way paved for his task; perhaps Brancusi was Rodin's last major successor who felt obliged to find a congenial homeland by adopting Paris. At any rate the best of the newer American sculptors have an undeniable confidence in themselves and a startling mastery of medium.



"Rhiannon," by Lassaw—". . . espaliered structures."

The four sculptors included in the present show are: Ibram Lassaw, José de Rivera, Seymour Lipton, and Raoul Hague. The four are very different in vision and procedure, and their variety is almost as impressive as their talents.

LASSAW, born in Egypt in 1913, has emerged in recent years as, among other things, a master metallurgist. His technique of welding together bronze in many hues, gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, and so on, results in a superb richness of texture and color. Indeed, color has been of special interest to him, and in the current exhibition's catalogue he remarks, "Color is inherently a part of my sculpture." He adds a prophecy: "In about twenty-five years it will be rare to see a monochrome sculpture by a contemporary artist." Whether or not the prophecy becomes tenable his own color is so eloquent for his purpose that it's sometimes hard to realize it is achieved through metallic welding rather than through pigment applied to his surfaces. And this color gives his work a decorative majesty which has earned him a number of brilliantly-executed commissions for both private and public buildings, notably for the Temple Beth El at Springfield, Mass., where his "Pillar of Fire," installed on an exterior wall, has an hieratic dignity. Yet one must be wary of the word "decorative," and Lassaw's espaliered structures go far beyond their sensuous appeal. He is the creator of glittering labyrinths wherein the mind and senses find equal enjoyment (see illustration).

If Lassaw's prophecy about monochromatic sculpture *should* come true I suppose one day we should have to outlaw the works of José de Rivera (b. 1904), the beauty of whose polished forms in chrome-nickel and steel relies, as he says, on "the interdependence and relationship of space, material, and light." Personally I would protest vigorously de Rivera's expulsion from the top rank of American sculpture and so, I think, would Lassaw. For de Rivera's art postulates a new arabesque equilibrium in which purity of bare form takes on an aspirational meaning. De Rivera offers no quarter to beguilement or complexity. But his handling of abstract shapes is positive and entirely his own. He surrounds the asymmetric spiral with a metaphysical ambience that is both intelligent and heartfelt.

I was not so sure about Seymour Lipton's achievement until his last one-man show, about two years ago. Born in 1903, he was obviously gifted, but his art seemed to lack a central impetus. Since roughly 1952, however, Lipton has produced a series of

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"Holdan, 1955," by Brooks—". . . elegance."

estimable works, chiefly in bronze and nickel-silver over steel, his Baroque energy finding its own character. His folds and concentric loops of flat metal embody a vivid naturalistic allusion, and he himself has said: "Forms that have a catalytic force growing from an ambiguous but strongly felt fountainhead in nature, frequently with double meanings and feelings, have a hold on me. This play of double meanings in sculpture is the plastic metaphor in operation." No matter how tired the word "plastic" may be we have none better to describe Lipton's thoughtful absorption in the essentials of his medium. His art is more mature than that of Raoul Hague, though the two artists are about the same age. But Hague has carved in wood a number of admirable pieces since the war, and even his earlier works in stone are notable for a daring and satisfying use of elision in interpreting the human torso.

I HAVE left too little space for mention of the eight painters in Miss Miller's show. My excuse must be that sculpture, though more popular and better understood than twenty-five years ago, still struggles harder for a living (by which I mean a perceptive audience as well as hard cash) than its sister medium.

The oldest of the eight painters is Fritz Glarner, born in Switzerland in 1899. For some years now Glarner has taken as his point of departure the geometric art of the De Stijl movement—a fact which has led certain critics, with thorough injustice, to dismiss him as a belated disciple of Mondrian. The truth is that Glarner has greatly extended the vocabulary of De Stijl by modifying its stern rectangles with slanted forms, new asymmetries, and a vivid color sense. His pictures are among the handsomest in the exhibition and, indeed, in recent American art as a whole. James Brooks, seven years younger than Glarner, is a different kind of artist and stems from the tradition of "free" abstraction, whose founding father was Kandinsky. Brooks brings to his art a quite extraordinary elegance of tonal control and a muted intimacy of expression which repays our closest attention. If he is known as a "painters' painter" that is only another way of saying how good he is.

Franz Kline's somber, bold abstractions are among the strongest produced here in recent years, and in them vigor and a curious and memorable pensiveness combine to strike hard at the observer's consciousness. His signature is the color black, and every letter in it counts to the utmost. Philip Guston, who belongs to Kline's generation, is a milder temperament, endowed with a taste and skill which I think might have attracted Monet's attention, and that is no small praise. Guston is in the forefront of the post-war abstract movement which continues to dominate our art scene, though lately this dominance has been challenged by two young artists of swift originality, Grace Hartigan (b. 1922) and Larry Rivers (b. 1923), both of them assured, both fine colorists, and both determined to restore a sense of subject to painting, while avoiding academic realism.

The year 1923 must have been a good vintage one for our artists, since not only Rivers was born then, but Sam Francis and Ernest Briggs as well. I find Francis, now working in Paris, an astonishingly fine painter, and it is not surprising that our museums and some of our most astute collectors are acquiring his works. I'm not so convinced by Briggs. But I had never seen his paintings before the current show. I have an uneasy feeling that I underestimate them and a grateful feeling that I may be able to change my mind after a second look.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Ideas.

Continued from page 23

he may yet escape his impending doom and realize his emergent potentialities by turning to a "World Culture" that could provide a richer and nobler destiny than he has yet known. Thus the human race has reached another critical turning point in its perilous trek, and "Human Prospects" hang in the balance.

THE defect of man's earlier states lay in their incompleteness. Dawn Man had to preserve, unthinkingly but tenaciously through uncounted millennia, the singular triumph of becoming human. Archaic Man assimilated and retained the benefits of agriculture, domestic animals, and village life. Civilized Man submitted to the drear discipline of an ordered and laborious existence under the rule of the privileged few. Axial Man turned from the sterility of such servile materialism to embrace "Axial" religions that promised rewards in another life but denied many of man's natural desires in this one. Old World Man achieved a partial synthesis from the superimposition of the preceding layers. New World Man, at once liberated and enslaved by his machines, constitutes the dominant social type today. His fate, as Post-Historic Man, may be that of a stultified robot without empathy or imagination. His happier destiny, if the next "transformation" prove less malefic, may be that of a citizen of the world imbued with a sense of human dignity and with a profound sense of the brotherhood of man.

To summarize Mr. Mumford's philosophy of history in this manner strips it of the confident transitions, the verbal grace, and the persuasive analogies that constitute much of its conviction and appeal. His book conveys scope and challenge, and it is unfair, perhaps, to classify Mr. Mumford as one more prophet of doom. Yet his description of contemporary man, all humanity failing him because, Antaeus-like, he no longer treads his native earth, reads more like a dirge than a diagnosis. Readers who find themselves unduly depressed by the cumulative spell of these eloquent chapters might remind themselves that the spell, while potent, is after all an *intellectual* spell. And, as Mr. Mumford himself reminds us, "we have learned nothing from historic experience if we have not learned that man lives by more than his intelligence alone."

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

dier. He is not equally successful in dealing with the themes of military justice and the social aspects of German army life toward the end of the Nazi regime. Still, this remains an impressive performance, and I would not be surprised if Herr Ledig some day writes an important novel.

—Robert Pick.

PRIVATE LIFE: Anyone with a yen to relive his old army days can dip into Marion Hargrove's **"The Girl He Left Behind"** (Viking, $2.95), in which the author is again concerned with the amenities of basic training. The Seventy-first Infantry regiment at "Fort Burnside," where Pvt. Andrew Schaeffer finds himself assigned for his initial eight weeks, has an atavistic commanding officer who does not go in for the egalitarian folderol fostered by the Doolittle Board. Consequently Private Schaeffer finds his limp civilian morale challenged for the first time in his easygoing young life; he can either become a permanent goldbrick or he can straighten up and be a good soldier. Schaeffer's dilemma is treated by Mr. Hargrove with half-seriousness and with enough fumigating humor so that boot camp seems a fairly jolly sort of place, bursting at the seams with good fellowship. It's enough to make a man reenlist. Almost. —M. L.

FLAMING YOUTH IN '56: "On a Darkling Plain" (Putnam, $3.75), a first novel by Clifford Irving, follows the fortunes of a trio of youths fresh out of college as they rattle around New York in search of what youth usually searches for. Old fogies like this reviewer will be cheered to learn that things haven't changed much on and off the campus in the past couple of decades. Flaming Youth still hopes wistfully for sex "without involvement," flees the nameless horrors of middle-class respectability, and regards itself as "old and stained" at twenty-four. It would be easier to take Mr. Irving's collegians seriously if they hadn't already done so themselves. "On A Darkling Plain" includes some good writing, when it is simple, and a good deal of prose that suffers from overadornment and self-dramatization. But the experience it sets down is honest, and the book as a whole is promising for Mr. Irving's future.

—M. L.

Clifford Irving—"honest . . . promising."

PROBLEM FAMILY: The characters in William E. Henning's **"The Haycott Album"** (Lippincott, $3) are obliged to face a diversity of human problems any one of which closely and thoughtfully examined would furnish material for an interesting novel.

The Haycotts include a widowed mother and her three children. Lucy reacts to her mother's hopes and plans by rushing into marriage herself; but Mr. Henning has already established (at excessive length) that she is fundamentally moral and sound, and there is at least hope that her hasty union may last. Bert fights the idea of a stepfather in every way available to a not-very-bright boy of his age. At last, however, he is defeated, partly by the patent honesty and decency of his mother's suitor and partly by the combined efforts of his sister and the automobile mechanic whom he idolizes. Associated are many familiar problems of adolescence, of changing views of life, the family, marriage, as exemplified in the travail of one Haycott after another.

The accumulation of these problems, all treated on a very simple level of discourse and interpretation, is merely tedious; and the juxtaposition of the characters' desires and concerns does not seem to lead to any interesting generalization or conclusion—unless (as I am certain the author did not intend) it suggests that if Sinclair Lewis had written "Main Street" in the 1950s he might have located Gopher Prairie in the Northwest rather than the Middle West.

—Milton Crane.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1158)

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This battle on the Orontes River is the first* in history which we are able to reconstruct. And in its wake came the first detailed peace treaty we have knowledge of, a pact surpassing in political wisdom many peace treaties of the twentieth century A.D.

*1296 B.C.

Sea and Coast

Continued from page 18

Maine Coast unspoiled is not to be solved by not writing about it. Write about their favorite state lovers of Maine must, and Mrs. Rich's book is about the happiness that a tourist can find from the flat marshy West Coast of Maine all the way down to and along the thinly-populated East Coast if that tourist is unhurried and poetic in temperament—and if that tourist is also on the lookout for a permanent place to spend vacations. It is not the "summer people" who will spoil Maine; the state will adopt them and adapt them as they return season after season. It is the transients who are the menace.

Mrs. Rich does very well by the Penobscot Bay region which has, in Robert P. Tristram Coffin's words, "a loveliness as fresh as the morning of Creation." Writers, among them Kenneth Roberts and Bernard DeVoto, who have exclaimed over the beauty of this Bay have seldom tried to describe it. Mrs. Rich does. She tells about the coastal towns of Camden, Belfast, and Searsport (she misses lovely Rockport), about the islands of Vinalhaven, North Haven, and Islesboro, and about Castine Peninsula. At last some small ration of appreciation is given to a region that delighted Champlain, Thoreau, and in our day Edna St. Vincent Millay and Hodding Carter among others.

The first part of the book is an informal history of the coast; later there's a good deal of local history woven into the descriptions of the various towns. It's breezy history. In the end, though, one realizes again that a fine standard history of Maine is yet to be written. No one has done for the state as a whole what William Hutchinson Rowe has done for its maritime history. Curiously, it is on maritime history, where the sources, thanks to Rowe and Lincoln Colcord, are so good, that Mrs. Rich is weakest. She scarcely mentions the rich steamboat lore of the Boston-Bangor line and the many other steamboat lines that were once so active along the coast. And as a guide book "The Coast of Maine" is also weak on fishing and boating information. It's mainly for the land traveler who wants to view historic spots, visit old houses, camp out in state parks, see the country. But then no book on Maine will ever satisfy the Mainiac, and "The Coast of Maine" was not written for Mainiacs. The tourists for whom it was written will call Mrs. Rich blessed if they will buy and take her book on their first trip "down East."

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Race Poisoning by Radiation

Continued from page 11

population, but only at the cost of the demise or frustration of some descendant, usually a remote one, and the hampering, in some degree, of descendants belonging to the intermediate generations.

In its impact on the population as a whole this kind of effect on later generations is in some ways curiously analogous to the shortening of life produced in the directly exposed generation. For the impairments are pretty much hidden, yet they may take a very considerable toll. In doing so they simply cause a somewhat higher frequency of maladies and infirmities that would be found anyway, and we can never be sure that a given death was caused by the radiation.

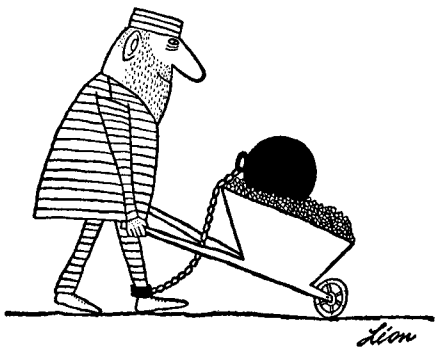
It is even better established for mutations inherited by the offspring than for the shortening of the life span of the exposed individuals themselves that the abundance of the effects is directly proportional to the dose received, no matter how large or small that dose. There is no dose so small that it fails to entail its proportionate risk of causing a mutation. In the case of the mutations of genes, however, unlike the life-span effects, the rate at which the radiation is received makes no difference. A given total dose is just as effective in producing mutations if its delivery was dispersed over a period of thirty years as if it was concentrated into two seconds. Thus, the total number of mutations produced by radiation in one generation depends on the total dose of radiation accumulated between the conceptions that gave rise to that generation and the conceptions that gave rise to the following generation.

How many mutations are produced in man by a given dose is a matter of considerable uncertainty but, in the light of data from other animals, the most probable value is that each roentgen unit received by one parent results in one induced mutation among about 400 of his germ cells. This means, for example, that if a parent had received 100 roentgens any child of his conceived after that time would have one chance in four of receiving an induced mutation from him, *i.e.*, there would be one such mutation among every four of his children, in addition of course to the several or many mutations of natural origin that they would also be inheriting, mostly from the remote past, and that had not yet been eliminated. If both parents had received 200 roentgens each child, on the average, would inherit one induced mutation.

It is readily seen that even though each person of the next generation contained, on the average, one mutation induced by the radiation this would still be far from enough seriously to threaten the continuance of the population as a whole. Mankind would not be wiped out by this means, though of course nuclear war could wipe it out more directly. Nevertheless, any such tampering with our birthright is not to be viewed with equanimity, especially in view of the fact that the conditions of living which in the past led to the elimination of those lines of descent that were more heavily burdened with impairments are no longer exerting a strong enough influence of this kind to prevent the population from deteriorating in important respects. Whatever genetic damage was done by the radiation would tend to persist for many centuries and some of it even to increase. For these reasons, although the genetic damage entailed by nuclear warfare, if not repeated in future generations, would by no means be insupportable, yet our descendants would blame us if we did not limit it as much as possible.

MEASURES FOR DEFENDING OUR GENETIC HERITAGE

There are some indications, especially from Dr. Hollaender's group at Oak Ridge, that methods of therapy or prophylaxis may eventually be developed which, if applied shortly before or even immediately after exposure, will reduce radiation damage, perhaps by as much as 50 per cent. At least this can be done in bacteria even in the case of the mutation-producing effect. There is little indication, however, that harmless, practicable methods of this kind can be made available for man in the near future, especially for radiation occurring at an unpredictable time or over an extended period, nor do we yet know whether they would work against the production of mutations in man.



One of the measures, then, if war seems imminent is to evacuate to the country, to regions hundreds of miles downwind (with respect especially to winds of the upper air) from major cities and strategic points, as many of the children and young people as possible, and also of the pregnant mothers and those with infants. This is a procedure similar to that which was successfully carried out on a large scale in England during World War II in order to avoid the blast effects of chemical bombs. This very cumbersome procedure, however, even if executed satisfactorily will not save the genes of the young men or of many of the young women.

The other major measure for defending our genetic heritage is to take into account in our plans for civil defense the very particular need to protect from exposure the reproductive cells of our youth. Let people under thirty and all who are likely later to reproduce be the last to be accepted for use after a bombing has occurred in such essential services as rescue work, decontamination, bringing in supplies, transportation, and everything else that requires activities that are carried on in relatively unsheltered situations. In this way the older men may be better assured that, whatever else has happened, their descendants will not be subjected to a lasting biological incubus imposed by negligence of which they, the forebears, had been guilty.

REMOTE FALLOUT DAMAGE

In the foregoing account I have confined myself to the effects on the human hereditary constitution exerted in the region of an actual nuclear attack, or at least in the region of the "local" fallout from such an attack. Some of the fallout, traveling high in the stratosphere, would be dispersed throughout the world and be precipitated for years. However, it can be calculated that even if the equivalent of 700 fifteen-megaton bombs, each of the type and order of strength of that at Bikini on March 1, 1954, were released the fallout in remote regions would raise the amount of radiation received by the population in the world at large outside of the local fallout areas by only one to a few times the amount they ordinarily receive from natural causes. This damage *if not repeated* could not seriously impair the genetic composition of the population as a whole, even though it would be harmful to many widely scattered, untraceable *individuals*. Much more radiation would, however,

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be received if large amounts of cobalt or certain other substances had been purposely added to the bombs or had happened to be in range of the fireball, or if materials (*e.g.* fish) derived from the areas of heavy fallout were used as food.

PROTECTION IN PEACETIME USE OF NUCLEAR ENERGY

When we turn from these military effects to the peacetime utilization of nuclear energy we find a curious situation. At Oak Ridge and presumably at some of the other Government-sponsored atomic installations the officially recognized "permissible dose" of .3 roentgen per week is set. In actuality, however, relatively few workers receive more than a fifth of this amount. In the course of five years, a good average of the time the employes usually stay at such a plant, the more exposed workers might thereby receive about fifteen roentgens. This would not result in their children conceived during or after that time receiving an alarming number of mutations caused by the radiation. Moreover, it would result in an average shortening of the worker's own life span by only a few months.

Since, however, the official permissible dose is higher than that here received, and it is expensive to provide remote control mechanisms, waste disposal, and shielding for further reducing that dose per worker, we can hardly expect industrial plants now planning their installations and procedures to keep down the dose much below that which is called "permissible," .3 roentgens per week. Moreover, it is to be expected that as conditions of employment in such plants become stabilized the workers will remain longer and that, since many of them are highly trained, the plants will attempt to keep them. Consider now what an exposure of "only" .3 roentgen per week will amount to in the forty years from age twenty to sixty. It will come to 600 roentgens—more than that of most exposed survivors in a nuclear war—and in the first ten years, perhaps prior to reproduction, it will be 150 roentgens. This amount before reproduction on the part of just one member of each married couple, presumably the father, will probably cause at least one in every two or three children, on the average, to receive one mutation induced by the radiation, a frequency several times as high as the new mutations that would arise in one generation from all natural causes, and this mutation would tend to go on down to hamper a long line of descendants until at last it extinguished that line.

Because mutations are usually unspectacular and unidentifiable it is not likely that this visiting of the parents' sins on mostly remote descendants would, human nature and its present attitudes being what they are, cause much compunction on the part of the exposed individuals. Not so, however, when they come to consider the effect of the 600 roentgens accumulated throughout life on their own well-being, for the effect amounts to a shortening of life that may be estimated at something between four and eight years. That is, the worker's life is shortened by one or two years for every ten years that he works at such a plant. Since this secret is at last creeping out of the technical publications it will not be long before the worker knows this. If industry would lower its so-called "permissible dose" by 9/10, to an average of .03 roentgen per week or 1.5 roentgens per year—an expensive but perfectly feasible undertaking—all but a small part of this damage would be avoided and, more important in the long run, future generations would be spared even more damage than the present one.

The cost of the necessary arrangements has been estimated at some $100 per man per year, or $4,000 for each man for forty years. However, even if this hastily made and sketchy estimate turns out to be several times too low, as it well may, the expense would not be as great as paying damages for the loss of four to eight years of each worker's life, or for the higher wages they would demand in place of damages. Moreover, such arrangements if once attempted always undergo considerable reduction in cost in the course of experience and invention. Let us not wait for several decades until the untimely deaths begin to become conspicuous. The designing and setting up of atomic equipment and procedures which is now taking place should be guided by the most advanced knowledge we *now* have. Otherwise we shall be confronted with the far more expensive process of reconstructing our installations and economies later.

Only by frankly facing and adequately coping with the hazards of radiation can we satisfactorily maintain and enhance the morale of our workers and win their wholehearted

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE NIGHT OF MAY THIRD *Anna Mary Wells* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Male body deposited in absent prof's house disturbs wife, who finds it in wee hours; Red angle prominent.	Many knots to untie before string hangs free; predicament novel; tension medium to good.	Nerve-twister.
MURDER IS WHERE YOU FIND IT *Robert P. Hansen* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Partner in Pacific Coast fishing fleet faces crisis as funds, associate vanish; two bodies pop up.	Women also a problem as good cop, good amateur go to work on case that develops nice switcheroo.	Mature, workmanlike.
HUNT THE MAN DOWN *William Pearson* (S&S: $2.75)	Unwanted hubby survives Western plane crash, but insurance is paid; double-cross works into murder.	Excellent job gives at seams as involvements multiply; writing smooth, pace and characterization good.	Large plus mark.
THE MAN OF TWO TRIBES *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Insp. N. Bonaparte, Australian cop, scours desert for missing woman; finds murderers' club and fresh slaughter.	Admirable descriptive travelogue; top-notch yarn if reader accepts fantastic design; suspense factor high.	Perhaps his best.
DEVIL'S POWER *Charles Rushton* (Roy: $2.50)	Blackmail and murder disturb Paris international set; Sûreté and Yard restore order.	Several liters of cognac absorbed; characters thoroughly undesirable, including renegade Yanks.	Orthodox.
OPERATION INTRIGUE *Walter Herrman* (Avon: 25¢)	Super-secret Washington team plots China landing; foe's intelligence service alert; Pentagon pulsates.	Build-up and background convincing; personnel mainly likewise; payoff neat.	Packs punch.
THE GAZEBO *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.75)	Betrothed British pair jolted as gal's bossy mom yields ghost; Miss Silver, knitting eye, buys in.	Yard also displays concern; near-weds on spot but get off same in author's fifty-sixth job.	Casual puzzler.
DIE, LITTLE GOOSE *David Alexander* (Random: $2.75)	Bart Hardin, Broadway editor, goes all out to aid aged pal facing murder rap; friendly cop toughens.	Ventriloquist, magician, tea-leaf reader, and other off-beat characters in this Great White War potpourri.	Holds up.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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support for a vast program of nuclear development. And growth of the utilization of nuclear energy on an enormous scale and along salutary lines is a vital necessity if our country is to enter upon that unparalleled period of industrial expansion which will show the way for the bringing of well-being to all the world.

We may justly be proud that it was our own country which at Geneva last summer took the lead in opening up a realistic course of action which may finally lead civilization out of the critical situation now threatening its existence. But we must see to it that this good beginning is vigorously and wisely followed up. For it will not be many years before the power to commit disastrous acts of nuclear aggression has become distributed among many relatively undeveloped or small countries, the governments of some of which may be insufficiently responsible. It will then be a cardinal necessity for people everywhere to come to understand that their conditions of life may be radically improved through the peaceful application of nuclear energy and that, on the other hand, its destructive application constitutes an invitation to universal catastrophe. The appreciation of this two-fold truth can be attained, however, only if the peaceful development is being conducted soundly. This means that its operations must be carried on with such rigorous safeguards that those working on the projects will feel no fear for themselves or their descendants.

At the same time, the population in general must be sufficiently protected from genetic damage by the enforcement of a low enough ceiling of radiation from all artificial sources combined. This means effective supervision over medical as well as over industrial and military uses of radiation, and over the disposal of atomic wastes. In setting this ceiling it must be borne in mind that only one roentgen delivered to each of 100,000,000 people will do 100 times as much damage to posterity, via the production of mutations, as 100 roentgens delivered to each of 10,000 people. Moreover, this genetic damage accumulates from generation to generation if the exposures are repeated in succeeding generations, as the peacetime exposures are expected to be. This is another reason why the overall ceiling should be low. It will not profit us to gain the world if we thereby lose ourselves.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 18, 11, 1, 12, 2, 14, 6, 13, 15, 17, 9, 10, 7, 19, 20, 8, 3, 16, 4.

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ROOM FOR TWO MORE persons of discriminating taste to join a small, privately conducted coed first-class tour of Europe; 7 countries—THE MANSOURY TOUR—sailing July 11, returning September 1st. Write or call Dr. I. Mansoury, 185 Claremont Ave., NYC. MOnument 2-3968.

14-DAY ALL-EXPENSE ESCORTED TOURS TO MEXICO, $146. Taxco, Mexico City, Acapulco, Cuernavaca. Compare with any tour. Spencers, 709 Parker, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO "DRIVE THROUGH BRITAIN." Write or cable Victor Britain now to rent a new self-drive Ford, Morris or Jaguar car from only $16.80 a week and 7¢ a mile. All gas and oil free. Remember to ask for free copy of "Dine and Drive Through Britain" to help plan your itinerary. The Victor Britain Rent-A-Car System, 12a Berkeley Street, London, W.1. Cables: Autobritn, London, England.

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VACATIONS

SUMMER AGAIN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

CHANTERWOOD NOT FOR YOU if you want TV, juke box, hourly organized activities, luxury. But for deep woods, rustic Lodge, cabins, lakeside relaxation, tennis, boating, fine food, good music, congeniality, informality, nearness to Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, moderate rates—CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

WOODLANDS, PHOENICIA, N. Y., resort on mountainside. Swimming, tennis, art, ceramics, theatre workshop. Opening June 22.

CENTRAL ADIRONDACKS—Small, quiet guest lodge, beautifully located on a cool, clear mountain lake. Delicious meals. $50 to $54 per week. WOODHOLME, Seventh Lake, Inlet, N. Y.

MUSIC INN at LENOX, MASS. Close to Tanglewood and Hector Berlioz. Adjacent to Music Barn and Richard Dyer-Bennet. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

AT THE GODDARD MUSIC AND ART CENTER among Vermont hills artists paint, chamber musicians play ensemble works. Beginners, professionals welcome. Fine staff, good food, pleasant living, moderate rates. Stay a week or longer. July 11 to August 26. Write Goddard College, Box S, Plainfield, Vermont.

MEXICO CITY VACATION—HOME ATMOSPHERE. Isabel Carbajal's, Rio Amoy 17, Mexico 5, D. F., Mexico.

TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. 9-3154. Friendly, informal home atmosphere. No planned activities. Relaxation, reading, painting, in beautiful countryside, 50 miles from N. Y. Ideal for weekends and vacations. Open all year. Attractive sunny rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA, Gregor Hotel, Brackley Beach—The Family Haven, Canada's Finest Beach. Golf, Ponies, Seafood, No Hay Fever. Folder Available. Special rates for June and September.

THE BELGRADE HOTEL AND COTTAGE RESORT. Here's that famous Maine lakeshore resort you've heard about. Everything from private golf course, mile-long beach to Maine's finest bass fishing. Only $5 to $11 a day per person for rooms and reasonably priced meals, too. Write for folder. Belgrade Lakes 6, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Midst picturesque Green Mountains. Superb food. Sports, theatres, Brochure.

VACATIONS

TANGLEWOOD-MINDED? SEVEN HILLS is five minutes from the concerts—and also offers complete vacation facilities. Write for descriptive literature. SEVEN HILLS, LENOX 2, MASS. Tel: Lenox 8677.

HATHAWAY LODGE, THE LUXURY LODGE FOR ADULTS. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails. Tennis, handball, all sports. Recordings, library. Square, folk and ballroom dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. 2¼ hours via Thruway. Now open. For reservations or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Phone Tannersville 299.

IF YOU ARE PLANNING A NEW ENGLAND VACATION you will want a copy of the GUIDE to NEW ENGLAND. Send 50¢ coin and 5¢ stamp to The Guide, Women's City Club, 40 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

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THE TAVERN AT GRAFTON, VERMONT. Authentic stagecoach inn in picturesque village. Comfortable rooms, appetizing meals, moderate rates.

BRANDON INN, on village green near library, churches. Real New England Food. Elevator. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon 11, Vermont.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Swimming, tennis, fishing, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. Rates $10 up A. P. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

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STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal Adult Resort. Concert Trio. Folk-Square dances. Crafts. All Sports. Summer Stock. Circle 6-6386 (NYC).

GEORGE WASHINGTON didn't sleep here but you can have a room like his, canopy and all, or you can have a rustic log cabin—all on beartiful Lake Champlain. American plan rates or housekeeping cottages—THE STABLE INN, Westport, New York.

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HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species): peace-loving, quiet-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving, nature-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond all desire. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island. Maine. Open June 5. Advance reservations necessary. Booklet D?

FARMS, HOTELS, welcoming children. Restful, reasonable. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1159

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Hero of George Eliot's second tale in the "Scenes of Clerical Life" (2 wds.).

B. Muddles.

C. One of the greatest rivers of the world (familiar sp. but not Webster's).

D. Overlay as with a coverlet.

E. One workman whom the squeamish city dweller cannot bear to watch (2 wds.).

F. Existence, in legal phrases.

G. Apparent novelty.

H. Held a merry gathering common in NE U.S. in springtime, to celebrate a certain crop (2 wds.).

I. Avowed or apparent, often with connotation of pretense.

J. Bit at lightly or gently.

K. English mechanical engineer, 19th cent., devised hexagonal rifle bore.

WORDS

155 119 45 8 132 67 171 57 109 76 179 175

4 79 137 143 163 97

81 105 185 88 158 157 166 92 169 108 117 31

177 35 133 47 11

49 23 87 69 55 65 3 130 40 98 96 122

61 141 2 66

14 102 134 144 94 112 5 42 85 89

84 32 25 159 168 28 128 70 183 104

123 120 53 51 145 101 93 72 80 43

24 7 46 125 178 118 170

54 9 86 10 139 20 100 146 90

DEFINITIONS

L. Countermand something of a permanent nature.

M. Newcomers in a newly settled region.

N. Latin reader to Milton who suggested the idea of "Paradise Regained."

O. First term of a relation in logic, the other being the relatum.

P. Hoi polloi of Rome.

Q. Unblushingly impertinent.

R. Most free from agitation of whatever sort.

S. City in Oregon, eastern terminus of 200-mile waterway opened by Bonneville Dam (2 wds.).

T. Disentangles.

U. In general, anybody who holds the same opinions as ourselves (2 wds.).

V. Builder of "Robert Fulton," first to make successful steam voyage to New Orleans and Havana from N. Y., 1822.

WORDS

184 156 64 60 135 114 36

149 38 160 176 99 44 19 113 127 131

147 110 126 129 174 77 56

37 181 29 91 21 74 78 26

59 73 151 167 18

154 22 142 124 75 15 13 48

16 182 153 58 172 68 121

41 165 39 107 1 162 103 152 140

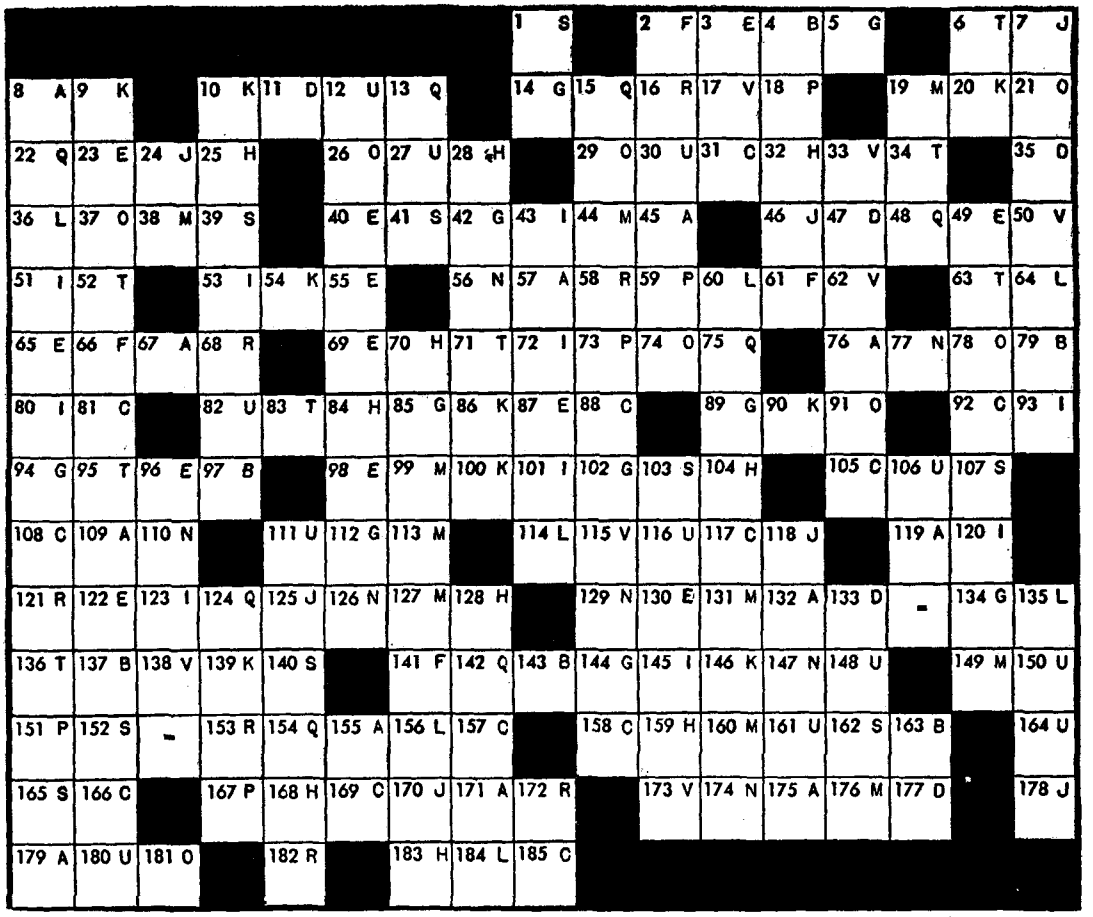
71 136 63 6 83 52 34 95

148 12 161 27 164 111 82 30 106 180 116 150

50 115 17 173 138 33 62

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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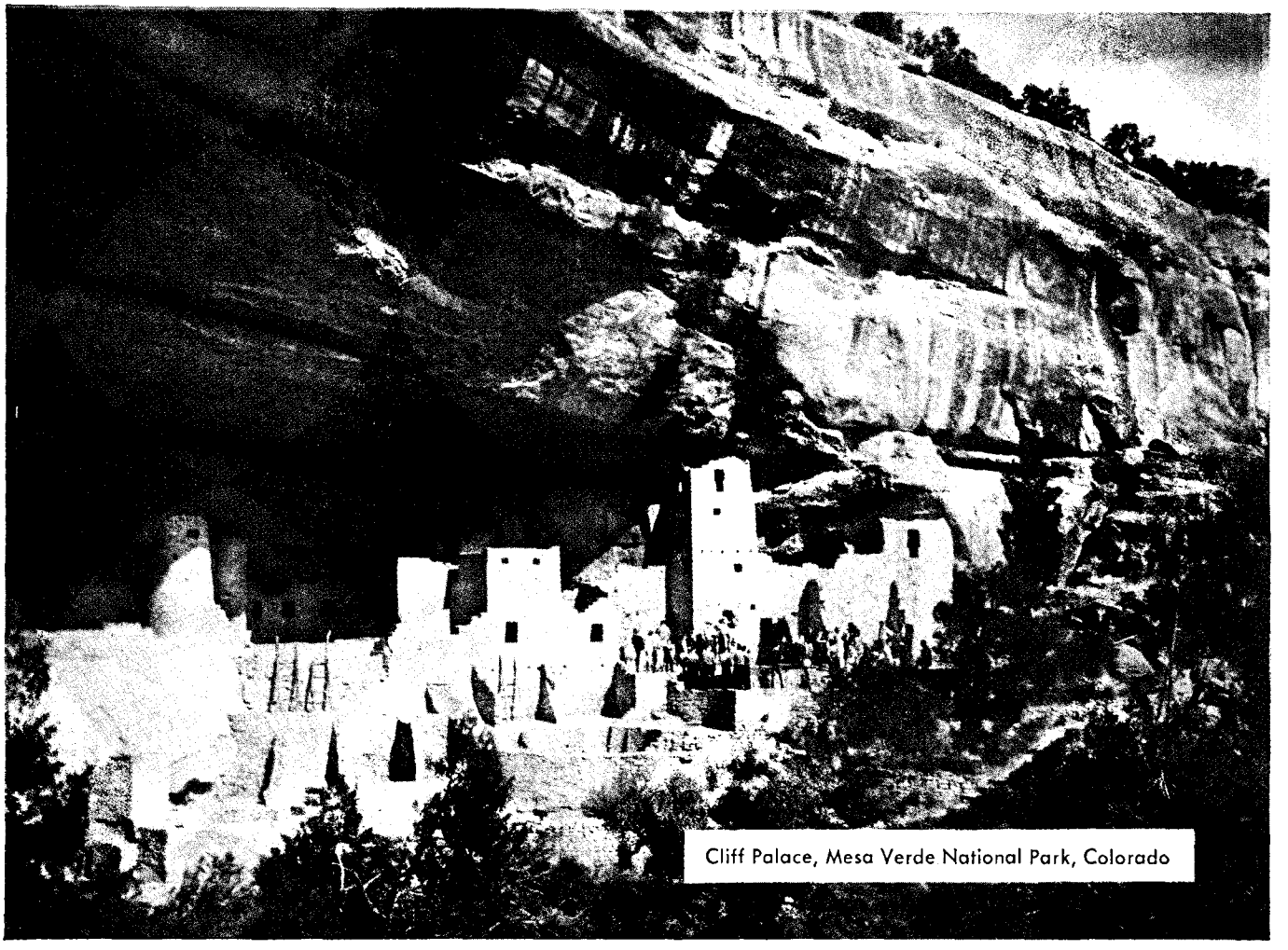

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America's first apartment houses— today they belong to you...

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Today we know the story of the Mesa Verde and its people, thanks to the work of one of America's great scientific institutions, the National Geographic Society. The Douglas Tree Ring Calendar, developed under the Society's sponsorship, traced the settlement's growth and revealed the 24-year drouth that helped to turn the great pueblos into deserted villages.

But these great villages are no longer deserted. Each year some 160,000 Americans travel there to see the treasures that, as part of the National Park System, have been conserved for them... and their children... and their children's children.

It is good that this is so . . . for a nation that cherishes the heritage of its past can face its future with confidence.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Mesa Verde, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.— also ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY... for so actively supporting the conservation of America's natural resources and scenic treasures. In addition to pushing back the historic horizons of the Southwest, the Society has added to the world's geographic knowledge through more than 100 expeditions ranging from pole to pole, up into the stratosphere and down to the ocean floor. A staunch friend of the National Parks from the very beginning, the Society and its Magazine were instrumental in the establishment of the National Park System and made invaluable contributions to many of the Parks.

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